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The American Mercury

THE ARMY'S PLANS FOR THE NEXT WAR

THE VANISHING AMERICAN NEGRO

CHILDREN WHO DRINK

LABOR'S RISE TO POWER

D. B. Robinson

Ralph Linton

Alson J. Smith

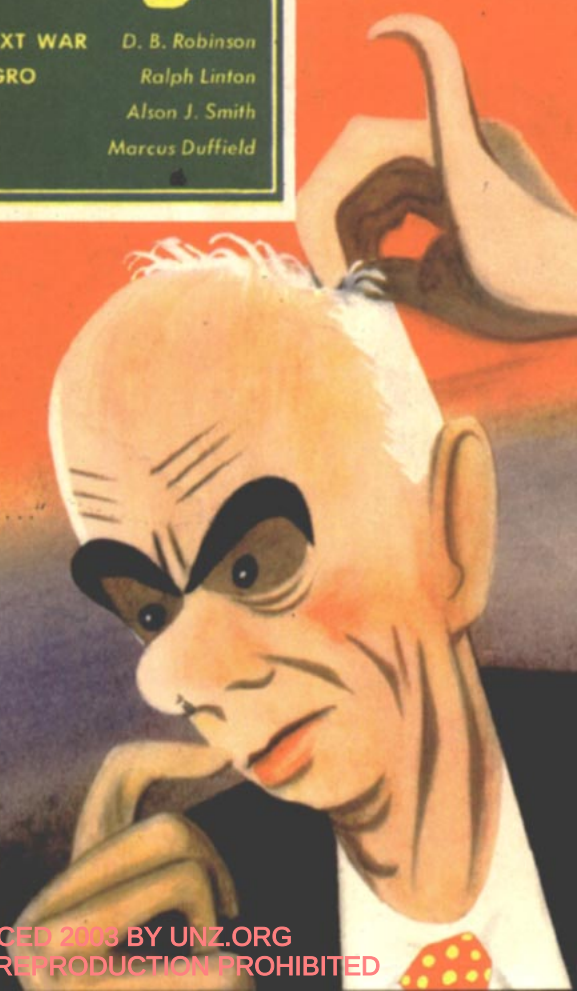
Marcus Duffield

PHILIP MURRAY

"... a vague and soft-willed man ..."

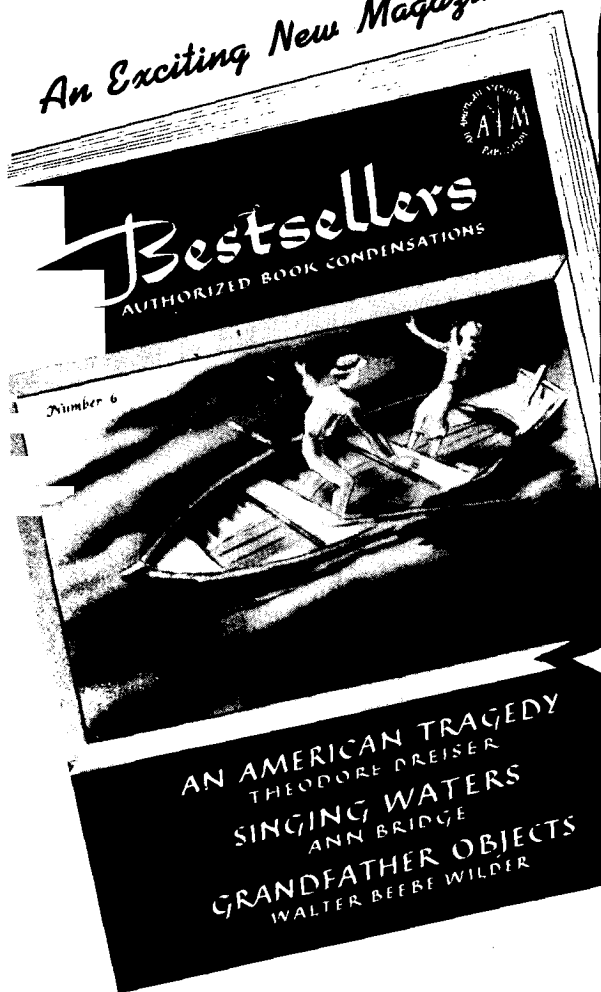
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The American Mercury

THE VANISHING AMERICAN NEGRO

BY

RALPH LINTON

IN THE question period following any talk on minority problems, someone invariably brings up the query, "What do anthropologists consider to be the long range solution of the Negro problem?" Though I usually avoid this point when I can, I sometimes have to reply that most anthropologists agree there will be no Negro problem in another two hundred years; by then there will not be enough recognizable Negroes left in this country to constitute a problem.

When a New York newspaper headlined this statement in reporting a lecture, the main body of which did not deal with this subject, I found myself quoted with indignation in

both the white and Negro press. But I was not disturbed by these repercussions until I was misquoted, and with approval, by Senator Bilbo, who said in a campaign speech:

Dr. Linton . . . stated a few weeks ago that if the present rate of intermingling, intermarriage and interbreeding of whites and blacks in this country goes on . . . within nine generations we will have no whites and no blacks . . . only yellow. . . . I had rather see my race destroyed by the noted atomic bomb than to see it gradually destroyed by mongrelization of the white and black races.

This convinced me that some amplification and clarification of my statement was necessary.

The prophecy of the ultimate dis-

RALPH LINTON is Sterling Professor of Anthropology at Yale and president of the American Anthropological Association. He is the author of a large number of books on social anthropology, including *The Study of Man* and *The Cultural Background of Personality*; and he edited the volume on *The Science of Man in the World Crisis*.

appearance of the American Negro in the United States is based on three facts. First, while the number of Negroes has been steadily increasing since 1790, when the first Negro census was taken, the white population has increased so much more rapidly that the over-all proportion of Negroes to whites is steadily declining. Second, the Negro is no longer concentrated in the South but is redistributing himself more evenly over the entire country. Third, and most important, the American Negro is steadily becoming lighter.

II

To take up these points in detail: in 1790, 19.3 per cent or nearly one fifth of the population of the United States was Negro. In 1920, 9.9 per cent or less than one tenth was Negro. Since that time the proportion has continued to decline, although much less rapidly. The Negro birth rate is higher than the white, but infant mortality more than offsets this difference. In 1940, 73 out of 1000 live-born Negro babies died before reaching their first birthday, while only 43 of 1000 live-born white babies succumbed before the year was over. Since the death of Negro infants is frequently not reported, the disparity may well be even greater than this figure indicates. The death rate among adult Negroes is also higher than among whites, and the Negro life expectancy has been estimated at 48.5, compared to 60.9 for whites.

This is explained by a combination

of biological and social factors. The Negro physical type was evolved in a hot tropical country where a dark skin protected the individual from the actinic rays of the tropical sun and flaring nostrils were developed to breathe warm, moist air. Transported to our climate, the Negro is at a physical disadvantage because his dark skin keeps out the healthful rays of the sun and his nasal structure makes him particularly susceptible to all the respiratory ailments: tuberculosis, pneumonia, influenza and whooping cough. The Negro death rate from these diseases was 364 per 100,000 in 1940, while the white death rate from the same causes was about one third that figure.

On the social side, Negro health is undermined by crowding into the least desirable and most unsanitary sections of our cities and by the totally inadequate provisions for medical care and hospitalization.

As for the redistribution of the Negro, we find that since 1860 there has been a continuing trend away from the South, a movement to seek work in the Northern and Western states. This, of course, was much accelerated in recent years by the need for workers in war industries. Nearly all these migrants have settled in cities, where their birth rate declines sharply; it is the poverty-stricken sharecropper who produces more children than he can properly feed or educate. As the Negroes become more evenly distributed racial tensions will be reduced, since there will not be

enough in any one locality to constitute a political force or compete seriously with white labor.

But the main reason for believing that the Negro will disappear as a distinct American minority is that the Negro population is becoming lighter with each successive generation. This is not a matter of paling out in a northern climate — it takes thousands of years to evolve a new biological type — but of steady infiltration of white blood into the Negro group.

The importation of African slaves was forbidden by law in 1808. During the preceding hundred years some 333,500 Negroes had been brought to these shores. Most scientists believe that not more than 10 per cent of the thirteen million people classed as Negroes today are as pure Negro as the original ones brought over here, and no scientists put the figure higher than 30 per cent. If Negro blood has been diluted to this extent in the past two hundred years, why is it not reasonable to suppose that the continuing dilution of the next two centuries will make those with Negro blood practically indistinguishable from the general population? If there were no physical stigmata to mark the Negro as different, it would be impossible to maintain prejudice and discrimination against him. The Negroes have no distinct religion or culture to set them apart from the rest of the population. They would be eager to accept the mores of the white group whenever it became possible for them to do so without arousing antagonism.

III

Miscegenation has been going on since the Negroes first arrived in America. While most of the slaves imported were black Forest Negroes from West Africa, there were also a considerable number from the West Indies, where some race mixture had already taken place. At the beginning of the slave-trade era there were still many Indians in the Southeast, and considerable interbreeding took place between Indians and slaves. Runaway slaves frequently took refuge in the Indian camps, where they were protected and frequently adopted into the tribe. Indian genes began to take the kink out of Negro hair and to thin Negro lips.

By the time that slavery and the plantation system had become firmly established in the antebellum South, another sort of miscegenation was well under way: the pattern of the white plantation owner and his Negro concubine. There is an old superstition that a halfbreed combines the worst elements of both races. This, of course, is quite unfounded. It is only when both parents come from the dregs of their respective races that the offspring are inferior. Since it was the aristocrats, not the poor whites, who had Negro mistresses, and since it was always the handsomest and most intelligent of the slave women who were chosen, these unions produced a high type of mulatto. Many of the leaders in the Negro race today trace their ancestry to such crosses. Also,

at that period, the pick of the Negro women were frequently bred for mulatto offspring, because such children commanded a higher price in the market than black ones.

The Civil War and the confusion and license of the Reconstruction infused the Yankee blood of soldiers and carpetbaggers into the Negro race. However, after the Negro had made the difficult transition from a state of slavery to his present caste status, miscegenation began to taper off considerably. As a woman in Harlem put it, "If our men aren't good enough for white women, white men aren't good enough for us." Marriages between the two races are legally prohibited in twenty-nine out of the forty-eight states, and, even where there are no legal sanctions, such marriages are extremely rare. Some illicit miscegenation continues, almost invariably between white men and Negro women.

For the benefit of those concerned with the purity of the white race, it should be noted that when miscegenation does occur, the infiltration is almost entirely in one direction. There is very little Negro blood going into the white race because the offspring of a white person and one with Negro blood, even if the latter is an octoroon and the children are blond, is classed as Negro. Alarmists shout that the Negroes will infiltrate the white race, but it is exactly the opposite which is taking place. White women generally have children only of their own race, because mostly they mate

with white men. Consequently there is no direct infiltration of blood from the "lower" race to the "higher." However, a certain number of Negro women do have children by white men. These white men may also have children by white women, but every half-breed child born to a Negress takes the place of a full-blood child she might otherwise have borne. Thus the halfbreeds increase at the expense of the Negro rather than the white race. By the laws of race mixture, the dominant race inevitably tends to swamp the lower and eventually eliminate it.

However, if miscegenation is on the wane, it is asked, why does the anthropologist predict that the Negro race will go on becoming lighter?

The main reason is that the Negroes have developed a caste system among themselves. The most admired and sought-after Negro girls are those with light skins and Caucasian features. These girls are therefore the first to marry and the most likely to find desirable mates who can give their children advantages in health and education. The very black girls marry later, if at all, and have fewer children. The result is that the lighter members of the race are increasing and prospering, while the darker ones tend to die out. The mulatto man who marries an octoroon girl will have offspring lighter than himself; they will in turn seek light partners, so that even without black-white crosses, there is a constant dilution of Negro blood. The Negro artists, educators and professional men I have met have

almost invariably been married to women much lighter than themselves — with the exception of one Negro leader who is himself so fair that he'd have had to marry a Scandinavian to secure a mate blonder than he is.

IV

Although it is possible for two mulattoes to have children who are darker and more Negroid-looking than either parent, it is also possible for them to have children who are not recognizable as Negroes at all. The offspring of a pure white and a part-Negro will never show more Negroid characteristics than the Negro parent and will normally show less. Since skin color is a Mendelian dominant, the offspring of such a cross will never be darker than the darker parent. As a result, there are many persons who have some Negro blood but show no trace of it either in color or features, and many more in whom the traces are so faint that they can be detected only by a trained physical anthropologist.

This situation leads to what is known as "passing." The individual who carries none of the physical stigmata of his race, yet is subject to the social and economic discrimination which operates against the Negro in our society, moves away from the community in which he is known, represents himself as a white man, gets a job which would not be open to him if it were known that he was "colored," and probably marries a white girl who has no suspicion of the

"taint" in her husband's blood. It is unlikely that she ever will discover his secret for, old wives' tales to the contrary, she will not have a black baby. Such an event would be contrary to all the known laws of heredity and, to make assurance doubly sure, one of the leading research organizations in the United States checked every newspaper notice on the subject that appeared during more than twenty years without finding a single genuine case. If two people, both of whom are "passing," should happen to marry, their child may combine the curly hair of one parent with the broad nose of the other in such a way that the trained eye can recognize his Negro blood, but his skin will still be light.

This "passing" is the only way in which Negro blood moves upward into the white group. Most colored people are resentful and somewhat contemptuous toward those who deny their race in this way. However, they seldom give away the secret of anyone who has "passed" and take a considerable measure of satisfaction in the feeling that something has been put over on the superior whites. Negroes may gloat over a list of prominent people who have some Negro blood, but they never divulge this list to a white man. Passing has been going on fairly rapidly in recent years, though, because of its secret character, there are no available statistics on it. As the Negro becomes lighter and lighter, passing is bound to become more prevalent, since the Negro knows that

he has a better chance to make something of himself, both socially and economically, if he steps over the line into a white world.

Of course not all Negroes who are capable of passing have any desire to do so. There was once considerable comment on the campus of a certain Midwestern university about a handsome coed, with curly blonde hair and blue eyes, who was seen in the constant company of a young Negro student. The gossip finally reached the ears of the dean of women, who summoned the girl to her office. She gave her a long motherly talk on how one must be tolerant toward Negroes but that it was not true kindness for a white girl to associate with a colored man because it might give him wrong ideas, etc., etc. The girl listened patiently, but when the dean had finished she said quietly, "But dean, I never date white men. You see, I'm a Negro myself."

A fair-skinned girl of a good Negro family was accepted at one of the big Eastern women's colleges. When she arrived there, she discovered that no one suspected she was a Negro, and though she had had no intention of trying to "pass," it seemed more expedient to let the matter rest. She went through four years of college, going to dances, visiting her friends' homes, making a fine college record. After she had received her diploma, she went back to her own people, married a prominent Negro educator and has worked with him for the betterment of her race ever since.

v

What will be the effect on the nation if the Negroes are absorbed into the general population within the next two centuries? Contrary to Senator Bilbo's dire warnings, there will be very little effect. Barring some now unforeseen flood of immigrants, the nature of the population two hundred years from now will be determined by the genes carried by the present American population. Less than 10 per cent of this population is classified as Negro. Of these, not more than one fifth (and most scientists believe not more than one tenth) are pure Negroes. The balance represents all degrees of mixture from almost pure white to almost pure black. It is safe to assume that not more than half the genes carried by this mixed group come from the Negro side. Adding these to the genes of the pure Negro group we get three fifths as the genetic equivalent of the Negro population. Since this population forms only 10 per cent of the present whole, it follows that the Negro genes to be absorbed come to only 6 per cent, while, for the reasons given above, even this percentage will be progressively reduced. It may be doubted whether the final absorption of the Negroes will even cause a significant increase in the proportion of brunets to blonds or injure the beauty parlor business by giving more Americans naturally curly hair.

Of course a preference for blonds or brunets is mainly a matter of taste and there are other directions in

which the results of mixture might conceivably be more significant. However, there has never been any scientific proof that Negroes, as a race, are potentially less intelligent than whites. Any minority group which is held down and denied educational and cultural advantages will appear less capable. Poverty dulls the mind and only the exceptional intellect can rise above it. Negro families which have several generations of education and cultured living behind them are able to hold their own in any society, but such Negroes are a distinct minority among the masses living in rural slums and city tenements, who, even if they do go to school for a while, have little other intellectual stimulus in their world. The Negro has always been encouraged to be docile and irresponsible. If he was aggressive and eager to get ahead, he was "uppity" and needed taking down.

Much of the low status of the Negro also derives from his former slave

background. We never quite forget that the ancestors of the present Negroes were once chattels of the whites. The Indian, although also of different race and also a victim of white exploitation, was never successfully enslaved. People with Indian blood will boast that their ancestors were on the reception committee when the Mayflower arrived, but a drop of Negro blood is a taint that puts one socially beyond the pale.

It is to be understood that the prediction presented in this article has little bearing on the present Negro problem. Although two hundred years will probably see the disappearance of the Negroes as a recognizable minority, the problem is very much with us today and we cannot afford to sit back and wait for time to take care of it.

However, there may be some small consolation in reflecting that our great-great-grandchildren will not have to worry about race riots.



PHRASE ORIGINS—10

SUPER AND SLANG: Grandfather's watch was a bulky affair. When thieves of his day lifted a timepiece, they referred to the case (usually gold) as a "kettle"; they usually threw away the works and sold the empty case for gold. Modern thieves call a stolen watch a "super" (or "super and slang" if the chain accompanies it), not realizing that the word is really "souper," a pun on the older form, "kettle." Today, incidentally, watches are seldom stolen by professionals, but the word persists and one of these days it will crop up in print, to the confusion of our dictionary-makers.

DAVID W. MAURER

THE ARMY'S PLANS FOR THE NEXT WAR

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

INDUSTRIAL preparedness is the key-stone of government planning in Washington today against the contingency of a third World War. Top-ranking military men, whose duty it is to protect America against assault, fear that another worldwide conflict may be in the making and that, as things now stand, the United States might find itself on the losing side. Our possession of the atomic bomb, they believe, will probably be of no help in averting or winning such a war; in all likelihood, atomic weapons will not even be used in future hostilities. They believe that the one way to victory, as well as the best hope of avoiding renewed war, is to keep the nation's industrial war machine in a state of immediate readiness for emergency.

The government's position as stated by Under Secretary of War Kenneth C. Royall is this: "America's industrial preparedness is one of the greatest — perhaps the greatest — guarantees of peace. Industrial preparedness

is also, if war should come, the essence of national security. America's superiority in World War II lay largely in its industrial superiority. In any future war — with the possibility of greatly advanced weapons — industrial preeminence is likely to be an even greater factor."

The best brains of the Army, the Navy and private industry are drafting an over-all secret industrial-mobilization plan to keep American mills and factories geared for instant conversion to war production. President Truman is giving this project his personal supervision. Some results of the planning have already been put into effect. But the success of this program is even now hampered by a lack of funds; Congressional economy drives may hamstring it completely.

If that happens, War Department spokesmen maintain that they cannot guarantee the country's security. General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Chief of Staff, has said: "National security is a state of organized

DONALD B. ROBINSON attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Army during the war. He served in a number of capacities, including that of Chief Historian for U. S. Military Government in Germany, Civil Affairs officer in France, and Chief of the Labor Services Branch, Bureau of Public Relations of the War Department. He was a labor columnist and newspaperman before the war. The substance of this article is based upon Mr. Robinson's interviews with Secretary of War Patterson, Under Secretary of War Royall and other high Army officials.

readiness to meet external aggression by a quick and effective mobilization of public opinion, trained men, proved weapons and essential industries, integrated into the most efficient instrument of armed defense, and reinforced by the support of every citizen." There is no such national security now. The Secretary of War, Robert P. Patterson, has stated candidly that the Army could not now place three combat divisions in the field to resist invasion. General Carl Spaatz of the Army Air Forces has asserted that his forces could not get ready for action "for quite a long time."

The fact is that with the exception of atomic-bomb manufacture, all large-scale production of war matériel in the United States has ceased. On the other hand, it is known from intelligence reports that in the Soviet Union, to cite one example, munition plants are still working twenty-four hours a day.

II

The War Department expects that use of the atomic bomb will be effectively outlawed in future warfare. Dread of reprisals will deter all belligerents from violating pledges not to use it, just as during the past war no one resorted to poison gas. According to Under Secretary Royall, the Army must draw up plans for national defense on the supposition that the atomic bomb will play no rôle in it. It is anticipated also that neither bacteriological weapons nor radio-

active gas — which might have even more ghastly effects than the atomic bomb — will be utilized.

It does not follow, however, that another war will not prove more devastating than that of 1939-45. It will certainly be horrible enough, even without atomic bombs and test-tube atrocities. Remember, for example, that a new type of fire bomb dropped on Tokyo killed many more people and destroyed a much greater area than both atomic explosions combined. These and other types of bombs, plus rockets, supersonic self-propelled missiles and still newer weapons with vast striking ranges will undoubtedly be used. Future D-Days may see entire infantry divisions, complete with sixty-ton tanks, transported by enormous planes able to fly around the globe.

And again fire-power will settle the issue. "When you finally come down to it," Secretary Patterson has said, "the thing that wins wars is killing the enemy in greater numbers than they can kill you. If you can hurl five times as much metal at the enemy as they hurl at you, you'll win. Wars are won by superior weapons and plenty of them. Industrial capacity is and will be decisive."

In accordance with this dictum the United States is rapidly becoming, in Secretary Patterson's words, "only a second-rate power." It could not win any major war now or in the near future.

Nothing is more secret than the plans now being drafted for industrial

mobilization. However, it can be said that they contemplate continued production by certain government-owned arsenals and a few private concerns. They call for careful cataloguing of every mill and factory in the country capable of conversion to war production. They provide for small-scale manufacture of weapons by a number of individual companies, for experimental purposes as well as to provide "production know-how."

The industrial mobilization plans also contemplate the stockpiling of rare materials, continued research by governmental and civilian scientists, securing industrial facilities against sudden attack, and drafting arrangements for governmental production control in time of war.

III

By Presidential decree, "industrial planning for another possible war emergency" is in progress at present under theegis of the Army and Navy Munitions Board, on which sit Under Secretary of War Royall and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Kenney, both under a civilian chairman, R. R. Deupree, president of Proctor and Gamble. Major General Sidney P. Spaulding and Rear Admiral Roger W. Paine actually handle the operations of the Board with a staff of some fifty Army and Navy officers and civil service employees drawn from the two departments. For top strategic matters, the Board is advised by a special committee comprising the Chief of Staff of the

Army; the Chief of the Army Air Forces; the Director of Service, Supply and Procurement of the War Department General Staff; the Chief of Naval Operations; the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Air; and the Chief of the Navy's Material Division.

As its first step, the Board is setting up some seventy industrial advisory committees to deal with all phases of governmental and industrial war activity. Army and Navy procurement officers are in the field inspecting potential war plants. The part each of these plants will play in national defense, the weapons it will make and even the schedule upon which it will turn them out are being determined now. The Board has already completed surveys of a number of key wartime industries and arranged for various companies to carry out experimental production of certain matériel. Designs have been drawn, plants tooled and even pilot models made, for example, of new bombing planes.

In setting policy for this aspect of the preparedness program, the Board has had to face a serious dilemma: "On the one hand," Under Secretary Royall explains, "is our desire for American industry to be prepared in case of emergency to supply instantly whatever may be needed for the military forces as well as for the civilian population. On the other side is the realization that there is a practical limit to financial support and to interference with normal business

processes — a peacetime point in war preparation beyond which America, or any other democratic nation, cannot be expected to go.”

As an example, the Under Secretary cites this question: “Shall we make paper production studies for a new type of war airplane — and save four months in preparatory work? Shall we go the whole way and actually produce expensive planes and have them ready to go? Or shall we do part of all these?”

The government answer, says Royall, is a compromise:

We have not enough money, we have not enough peacetime enthusiasm for complete industrial preparedness for instantaneous action. And our national economy would not stand such complete preparedness. We must compress the area of peacetime abnormality into as small a space as possible. And then we must convince the country that this minimum abnormality is necessary for the security of the nation.

That is exactly our approach, and it is well illustrated by the policy on standby plants. . . . At the conclusion of the war, the Army and Navy owned, directly or indirectly, 1200 complete manufacturing establishments devoted strictly to war production. This was in addition to the many plants of private industry which in wartime the Armed Services had helped to equip and improve. . . . Only sixty of them are proposed for retention by the Army and Navy. Most of the others are being released for disposal without any restriction.

The remainder, some 250 in all, will, according to Royall, be sold or leased “with certain restrictions on making physical changes for twenty years,” with the government retain-

ing the right for that period to repossess the property in the event of emergency.

IV

The menace of the atomic bomb has made the study of underground plants an A-1 priority duty for the Board. Army officers know all too well that long-range missiles could make a shambles of such industrial areas as New England, Michigan and Southern California in a comparatively short time. Army men have studied England's enormous mile-long underground factory which came unscarred through the entire Battle of Britain. They have reviewed Japanese techniques in building underground shelters, hangars and storage facilities. These are said to make for maximum employment of natural formations and to permit concrete construction without use of forms.

In this connection, the Army is believed to have obtained reports that Russia, with prisoner-of-war labor, has built the biggest underground airfield in the world. It is said to be located “in a highly dominating and commanding area which has a great, semi-global air striking potential.”

Naturally, the results of the Army survey have never been made public. It is said that, contrary to expectations, the caves have not been found generally suitable for manufacturing or storage. Too much reconstruction would be required because of variations in level and the unevenness of

the ground. The high humidity would be injurious to stored materials. Mines and quarries, it appears, are much more easily adaptable to industrial war purposes.

However, according to Under Secretary Royall, ordinary hillsides may be preferable to the mines and quarries. "It is too early to give a definite opinion," he says, "but there is evidence — rather surprising — that excavation in a hillside may be cheaper than use of a mine or cavern, and that a hillside plant may in some cases be more economical in construction and operation than a conventional plant above ground." Eventually, he indicated, the Government may have to force industry to move plants away from such built-up sections as Detroit and Pittsburgh and reconstruct them underground or in hillsides. However, no legislation on this score is yet contemplated: "We prefer, at least for the present, to leave the matter to industry. Until shown otherwise, we feel that if dispersion and underground construction is a sensible course — for existing plants or for future construction — then that course is likely to be followed by farsighted companies."

Still another preparation being pushed by the Army and Navy Munitions Board is the stockpiling of strategic materials. To Board members this is possibly the key element in national defense. They are anxious to avoid a repetition of our World War II shortages of rubber, tin and other essential commodities.

A number of hot arguments are raging in this connection, since many of the rare items the Board wants for defense purposes are in high demand for civilian industry. Board Chairman Deupree has been deluged with entreaties from private manufacturers for allocation of some of these materials, but he has held firm. Deupree has pledged every precaution to avoid hurting the civilian economy but insists that the stockpile must be maintained.

"Correct stockpiling," says Under Secretary Royall, "is not a simple matter":

The rubber industry is a good illustration. The amount of natural rubber which we must accumulate for national defense is dependent upon both the quality and quantity of the synthetic rubber production available in an emergency. The quality is a matter of development, with the situation changing from time to time.

The quantity depends on the ability of synthetic rubber to compete with the import of natural rubber. The price of natural rubber has started down, and may possibly continue downward until the synthetic cannot be produced without a subsidy. And a subsidy is a controversial political question.

With these uncertainties, we must determine how much natural rubber should be stockpiled in order to make the country safe. The Army and Navy Munitions Board believes and hopes that it has made a good "informed guess."

The Board has developed a five-year program for purchasing "scarce but essential items" totaling \$1.8 billion. This, it believes, is the minimum amount necessary to American security. Nevertheless, Congress last

year appropriated only \$100 million toward this goal. The services intend to plead for the rest of the money.

V

Among the other activities sponsored by the Board is a probing analysis of the record of the War Production Board. It has called in a group of outstanding civilians who served with the WPB to dig through its history and make recommendations for the organization of a new WPB in any future war.

At the request of President Truman, Donald Nelson, former Chairman of the WPB, has been in Washington making a quiet survey of the war plant situation. Former Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady, who was hailed on all sides for his magnificent work in handling the Army's labor problems during the war, has been summoned back to the War Department as a special consultant.

There are few men in Washington more competent to deal with the problems of industrial preparedness than Secretary of War Robert Patterson. Throughout the war, he served as Under Secretary of War in complete charge of the Army's production and procurement efforts. It was he who had to cope with industry's unwillingness to convert from civilian to military production, who had to whip into shape the Army's vast procurement establishment. He is a man with no political ambitions, respected by all in Washington for his integrity. He still keeps a close eye on the industrial

field. Two of his closest aides today worked with him on production problems when he was Under Secretary. They are John H. Ohly, who has specialized in industrial and labor matters, and the brilliant Colonel A. Robert Ginsburgh, most of whose twenty-nine years of regular Army service have also been devoted to industrial and labor questions.

In the past war, Patterson says, this nation was given time to arm because of British and Russian stamina. There will be no such opportunity in the next war, he is convinced. Pearl Harbor II, in his opinion, will probably hit Detroit, Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Los Angeles and Boston simultaneously. Most of the United States' industrial capacity might be knocked out instantly:

During the last years of the war, when we began to give serious thought to problems of postwar defense, I was always in favor of a very modest stockpile of arms. In fact, I went whole hog in that direction. I thought a large stockpile would cause us to end up the way France and Great Britain did in 1939 with a huge mass of outdated equipment.

However, the advent of the atomic bomb and all the other long range missiles has changed the situation. We must have enough weapons on hand to defend ourselves even if our productive capacity is knocked out.

Patterson stresses the fact that there is always a lag of four or five years between the completion of blueprints and mass production of weapons. "You can't fight an enemy with a blueprint," he is fond of saying.

The Army did a good job of indus-

trial planning for World War II, he believes, but lacked funds:

We were as well prepared in 1940 as inadequate appropriations would permit. We had blueprints ready for smokeless powder and other plans. The Air Forces had their plans ready. Every plane used in the war — the B-29, the B-17, the P-51 and so on — was in course of preparation before the war broke out. Unfortunately, though, there was no money to finance the construction of plants for producing them.

Patterson points out that designs for the B-29 were started in 1939 while the B-36 was being worked on two months before Pearl Harbor. Had funds been available for their production, he said, the Army would not have had to wait until 1944 before putting the B-29 into action and the B-36 would have seen real combat.

Patterson is also pressing for legislation to unify the Army and Navy:

Then for the first time, one agency will have the power to control Army and Navy requirements and end interservice procurement competition. We will be able to set common specifications for items which both the Army and the Navy need.

Patterson is also urging passage of the National Science Foundation Act, which would provide funds and assistance for both governmental and civilian research. He thinks it will give great impetus to the laboratory work deemed essential to defense.

The Army is also anxious for legislation which would provide for a labor draft in case of World War III. Overtures are now being made to the CIO and the AFL to win organized labor's support for such a measure.

War Department spokesmen maintain that the lack of labor conscription in the last war might have proved fatal had we lost the Battle of the Bulge. Defeat in that battle would have created demands for manpower that we never would have been able to meet.

VI

Army and Navy officials are aware that they will be accused of war-mongering because of their drive to keep American industry "ready to shoot." Their answer is that aggressors only strike against the weak, not the strong. Had we been prepared ten years ago, World War II might never have started.

Patterson is willing to abandon this program only when there is some genuine assurance that complete disarmament by all nations is certain. His position may be taken as a reply to the demands of the Soviets for abolition of heavy weapons while at the same time they exhibit reluctance to demobilize the men serving in the Soviet forces. Patterson emphasizes that the United States cut its expenditures for armaments from \$70 million in 1945 to \$20 million last year, a drop of 71 per cent. The USSR reduced its spending only 54 per cent.

Until the day that real disarmament is possible and a United Nations security force in operation, Patterson and his Navy colleagues believe that peace can best be insured by adequate industrial and military preparedness on the part of the United States.

PHILIP MURRAY

BY WILL CHASAN

PHILIP MURRAY, president of the CIO and boss of its largest affiliate, the United Steelworkers of America, spent his formative years as a labor leader in the United Mine Workers of America under the tutelage of John L. Lewis when it was the latter's boast that he was a practical man — "not troubled by ideas." Murray, too, is not at home with ideas. However, his resemblance to his ex-boss and predecessor in the CIO presidency vanishes beyond this point. Lewis is a notoriously tough-willed egotist with a passion against independence in anyone except himself. Murray, now the country's most powerful unionist, is a paradoxically docile man whose "natural habitat," a Washington newsman once remarked, "is the path of least resistance." He is an amiable and easy-going opportunist who during forty-odd years in the labor movement has rarely departed from the premise that wisdom consists of falling into step with the strongest, or most vociferous, battalions.

This worked well enough in the United Mine Workers where Lewis, a

gifted and extraordinarily brassy top sergeant, relieved his subordinates of any uncertainty about direction or cadence. But as president of the CIO, parts of which are perpetually marching off in different directions, Murray has been having trouble. Obligated to lead rather than follow, he has been an unhappily perplexed and vacillating man. During his six-year reign in the CIO, his mental teetering has kept the White House, the press, large segments of the business community, and his own associates almost continuously confused about one or another of his policies.

A year ago last December, for example, after President Truman had proposed the use of fact-finding boards and "cooling-off" periods to forestall labor disputes, Murray went on the air and accused him of trying to throttle labor. The President, he said, had "yielded in abject cowardice" to the country's industrialists. The next day newspapers reasonably reported that he had broken with the White House. No doubt this was the

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impression on Pennsylvania Avenue, too. But Murray promptly began to backtrack. The CIO, he indicated shortly thereafter, still regarded President Truman as a staunch friend.

Murray had shuttled from one side to another of at least a dozen major issues. He once told a Senate committee that he opposed American participation in the war because it would "mean an end to our democratic way of life." This was not quite clairvoyant, but a little later he was saying, "Hitlerism must be defeated and destroyed. Democracy can survive in no other way." Last summer, when the original OPA was being put on the rack, the CIO's economic newsletter, issued by Murray's Washington office, pointed out that new wage increases would add to the inflationary spiral. When newspapers drew the obvious implication of this in terms of CIO policy, Murray disavowed it indignantly. A New York CIO official, somewhat irked by all the confusion, remarked that Murray "seldom seemed to know where his next thought was coming from."

Much of Murray's vacillation in setting CIO policy is the result of his yielding, either wittingly or unwittingly, to pressure from the CIO's left wing. It was to placate the left wing, and at first Lewis also, that he switched sides twice in the foreign policy debate of 1940 and 1941. Often he has followed the left-wing line simply because he is a monumentally naïve man outside the sphere of practical trade union affairs, and is only

dimly aware of either its motivation or its consequences. That is apparently what happened when he denounced President Truman on the occasion mentioned above. The story current in CIO circles then was that Lee Pressman, the CIO's general counsel and left-wing major-domo, had prepared Murray's speech, which did not differ greatly from the *Daily Worker* comment on Truman's proposals, and that Murray was genuinely surprised by the implications of what he had said when he read the morning newspapers. The steel strike was then in the offing, and he had been counting on Truman's friendly intervention.

Murray, who is a devout Catholic, an orthodox trade unionist, and a self-proclaimed believer in free enterprise, often denies that he is influenced by the CIO's left wing, but he has rarely done anything to prevent it from dragging major sections of the organization through all the convolutions of successive Communist lines. Under pressure from the Catholic hierarchy and the CIO's right wing, he has occasionally approached the very brink of war with the left wing — but he has always nervously scampered back. His relationship with the left wing, in fact, has progressed like an old-fashioned Hollywood "cliff-hanger" serial from one synthetic crisis to another.

Last September, for example, he encouraged Jim Carey, his immediate subordinate as CIO secretary-treasurer and an ardent anti-Communist,

to begin a fight against the Party-line administration of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers' Union. This was widely interpreted as the opening gun of a general campaign against the left wing, but Murray, as bafflingly inconsistent as ever, turned up at the union's convention in Milwaukee and extolled its leaders. "No one could be more pleased or more deeply appreciative of [their] support," he said.

II

Murray's bizarre shuttling between Left and Right has been going on ever since the CIO's Atlantic City convention in 1940. Lewis resigned from the CIO presidency at that time to make good an election bet on Willkie, and wanted Murray to succeed him. But Murray was reluctant. During twenty years as Lewis' vice-president in the miners' union, he had acquired a subordinate's dread of responsibility. Moreover, he was appalled by the prospect of being caught between Lewis and the Communists, then united in virulent isolationism, and Roosevelt. "I don't want the job," he told a friend miserably. "I'm afraid that I'll make an ass of myself in it." He nevertheless yielded to Lewis, who merely wanted him to serve as a kind of glorified stooge, on the condition that Lewis appease his Catholicism by supporting a resolution unequivocally condemning Communism. The resolution was passed.

The CIO's right wing, and nearly everyone else, thought that Murray,

on taking office, would immediately purge the left-wingers from the CIO's national staff. But nothing happened. Months later, in the spring of 1941, when left-wing strikes were seriously disrupting defense production, Murray publicly rebuked several minor left-wing leaders. But he shrugged off Sidney Hillman's demand that the CIO get "rid of subversive elements." He retained Pressman on his personal staff; he also kept Len DeCaux, a left-winger who is the CIO's public relations director and the editor of the *CIO News*. The CIO's textile and clothing unions, irritated by Murray's timidity, began a minor purge of left-wingers on their own, but Murray hastily disassociated himself from this move. He denied as "highly fantastic" the reports that the CIO as a whole was going to weed out the left-wingers.

Murray's disinclination to become involved in a fight with the left wing, which he fears almost as much as he once feared Lewis, has often made him its hostage. This has been true at times even in his own union where the left-wingers constitute a feeble minority and anti-Communist influence is strong. Dave McDonald, secretary-treasurer of the steelworkers and boss of Murray's administration machine, was quietly preparing for a purge before the steelworkers' 1945 convention. Murray stopped it. Brushing aside scores of anti-Communist resolutions that had been introduced, he had the convention adopt an innocuous statement to the effect that

the steelworkers would resist control by Communists, Socialists, or any other political group. Ben Gold, president of the pro-Communist furriers' union obligingly announced that he would be happy to sponsor a similar resolution at his own convention.

The steelworkers' meeting provided an interesting demonstration of what one of Murray's associates once called his "predilection for imposing on the good will of his friends to avoid trespassing on the toes of his enemies." He enforced a fretful silence on the anti-Communist majority while the handful of Communist delegates subtly baited it. After the convention adjourned, McDonald reportedly began a staff meeting by saying, "Now that there are no damn Communists here, we can speak our mind."

Ironically, Murray's statement on the Communist issue was said to have been prepared by Pressman, the left-wing's man in the CIO throne room. Pressman, a Harvard law school graduate, was once the protégé of Jerome Frank, who regards him as "one of the most brilliant young lawyers in the country." During the war, it was difficult to know whether Pressman or Murray was setting CIO policy. In the spring of 1943, after Murray had protested against an executive order freezing wages, Pressman informed a closed meeting of the CIO council in New York that anyone who opposed the order was a "friend of John L. Lewis and Hitler." (By then the Communists, who were Lewis' idolatrous supporters during

their isolationist period, had become his most implacable critics.) This was reported in *PM* as CIO policy by one reporter, who had managed to sneak into the meeting. Murray, greatly incensed, accused the reporter of writing a "lying story." But he failed to take advantage of an offer to run a repudiation of what Pressman had said.

III

In the spring of 1942, when Lewis expelled Murray from the United Mine Workers for failing to follow it out of the CIO, Murray declared brokenly at a meeting of his Pennsylvania local: "Anything I got out of life I attribute to you. The miners made me, the miners raised me. . . . I have never drifted away from the miners and so help me God I never will."

The emotion was genuine. When the Murrays migrated to western Pennsylvania from Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1902, Phil Murray was sixteen years old; he had been working in the pits for six. Two years later he began his career as a mine union leader by bringing a stool down on the head of a weigh boss whom he suspected of cheating him. This caused his dismissal and the eviction of his family from their company-owned house. It also precipitated a strike of 550 miners, which hunger broke after four weeks, and gave Murray enough prominence to elect him to the presidency of his UMW local. He was a well-built, genial, articulate and alert

young man, and he was on his way up.

By 1920, when Lewis inherited the presidency of the miners' union from a predecessor who had managed to drink himself out of office, Murray was a member of the union's international executive board. He had also been a UMW district president and the union's man on Wilson's National War Labor Board. He had shown a shrewd grasp of coal industry economics. He was obviously able and not unduly aggressive. Lewis, already thinking in terms of machines and power, made Murray his vice-president.

Thereafter Murray was Lewis' man Friday. In negotiations he provided the economic facts to support Lewis' blustery rhetoric. In the UMW's factional fights he provided the oratorical balm after some of Lewis' other henchmen had stuffed ballot boxes and brass-knuckled and blackjacked the opposition. After Murray became president of the CIO, one of our liberal weeklies, which prides itself at getting at the significance of things, reported that he had been a "vital force in the American labor movement for forty years." Presumably this included two years (1900-1902) that Murray had spent as a boy in Scotland, and the ten-year period (1920-1930) during which Murray genially helped Lewis to impose a personal and quite unbenevolent dictatorship on the UMW. In 1930, when the opposition made a final effort to depose Lewis, Murray denounced it as a "gang of fortune

hunters trying to exploit the members of the United Mine Workers under the guise of being reformers." The UMW was then nearly bankrupt, its membership was dwindling, its hold on the coal fields was broken; Lewis was drawing \$12,000 a year and dabbling in Republican politics; but Murray was an organization man.

Murray's fortunes really began to bloom during the NRA. The NRA was to union officials what the war boom later was to be to businessmen. It made success easier than failure. Obscure, moderately competent, conservative business unionists overnight became daring, shrewd and sagacious leaders of labor. Murray had followed Lewis happily when the liberal press was calling him a "black reactionary"; he continued to follow him, possibly with greater relish, when Lewis, still a dictator in the UMW, became the savior of the American working man and the ponderous darling of the left wing. He helped to resurrect the UMW (organizers went out saying, "The President wants you to join the union") and subsequently helped to launch the CIO.

Lewis did not overlook his services. In 1938, Murray's salary was raised from \$9000 to \$18,000. He was also given the chairmanship of the Steelworkers Organizing Committee. His abilities contributed to SWOC's success, but it was the Lewis name, UMW funds and personnel, three or four coercive laws, and Roosevelt's benevolent auspices that really organized steel. Until Lewis forced the

CIO scepter into his reluctant hand in 1940, Murray remained, as a press table wit then remarked, "more Lewis shadow than Murray substance."

IV

Murray did not begin to move out of the Lewis orbit until Germany invaded Russia in June 1941, and the CIO's left wing, with its dexterous partisan logic, discovered that the "imperialist" war was a democratic crusade after all. Murray's heart had always been with Roosevelt, but nearly all of his acts up to that time had been soothing to Lewis' isolationism. The new left-wing line created such a preponderance of pressure for moving in the direction that Murray wanted to go that he bravely yielded to it. Actually, he vacillated even then. At a meeting of the UMW's policy committee in Washington in the spring of 1942, he declared: ". . . as a man and as a citizen and as an American I have always regarded Mr. Lewis as without a peer in the realm of America." A week later, after he had been made painfully aware of Lewis' intention to expel him from the UMW, Murray threw caution to the winds. He accused Lewis of being "hell bent on creating national confusion and national disunity."

The new left-wing line, though it precipitated Murray's unhappy break with Lewis, also spared him some painful embarrassment. Many observers felt that accumulating public resentment over defense strikes would have forced Murray either to act

decisively against the left wing or risk placing the entire CIO in jeopardy. After the change in line, of course, the left-wingers became the most strenuous apostles of industrial peace. They made Murray's job as the wartime leader of the country's most belligerent labor federation fairly simple. The affairs of the CIO and those of his 800,000 steelworkers kept him quite busy, but with the CIO united he sailed along smoothly, if with occasional apprehensive glances over his shoulder to see what Lewis was up to.

The left-wing's somersault was agreeable to Murray in another way. All through the first months of his presidency he was regarded, with excellent reason, as being merely Lewis' obliging lieutenant. In fact, a *Fortune* poll taken some time after Murray's election revealed that many Americans were unaware of Lewis' resignation from the CIO presidency. The left wing, then still singing hosannas to Lewis, had treated Murray with cool reserve. All this bruised Murray's pride. But after the new left-wing line became effective, his status changed. The left-wingers began to testify *en masse* in praise of his leadership. The *CIO News*, under DeCaux's editorship a kind of left-wing principality, began to plaster Murray's name across half its pages. The left-wingers buttered him up so shamelessly, according to a Washington CIO official, that Murray, who had always been a justifiably modest man, began to doubt his limitations.

Of course, this is part of the ex-

planation for Murray's reluctance to incur the left-wingers' wrath. It is mainly to them that he owes his reputation as a "liberal leader," which he plainly enjoys, and he knows that a break with them would inevitably mean becoming very nearly a pariah in the circles in which he is now most vociferously praised.

v

Unfortunately for Murray, the uneasy wartime truce between the CIO's left and right wings has now given way to the bitterest political feuding in CIO history. Walter Reuther, the auto union's brash, unorthodox but essentially moderate president; Johnny Green, president of the militantly anti-Communist shipbuilders' union; Jim Carey; and a half-dozen other right-wing leaders seem determined to force an open fight. Even in Murray's own union, where his name has been held sacrosanct, there has been some harsh criticism of his softness with the left wing.

This criticism probably reached its height after Murray's speech endorsing the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers' Union administration in September. His praise for the Party-liners gratified the *Daily Worker* immensely, but it irritated the right-wingers. It also incensed Murray's fellow-Catholic trade unionists. The *Labor Leader*, put out by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists in New York, asked Murray in a pained editorial: "[Are you] for

them or against them?" The criticism was so vehement that Murray, partly in retaliation and no doubt partly in despair, threatened to resign. But later in the month, to even the score, he appeared at a national conference of progressives in Chicago and denounced Communist "meddling" in the CIO.

Because Murray's mind is so susceptible to unpremeditated change, CIO circles are usually rife with rumors concerning Murray's intentions. The two that have had greatest currency in the past year are: one, that Murray actually plans to resign; two, that he has decided at long last to split with the Communists whose foreign policy, he feels, is weakening the CIO in the face of growing danger of a general attack on it by industry.

There seems to be little doubt that Murray would like to resign. He is 60, troubled by a weak heart, and baffled by most of his responsibilities. Murray, in more than one way, closely resembles President Truman. Both men are machine politicians who never aspired to leadership; both have been fumbling and disconsolate in their use of it. Nevertheless, it seems improbable that Murray will resign, at least for some time. Both the CIO's left- and right-wingers want him to remain in office, the first because he has proved conveniently malleable in their hands, the second because they hope that the future will find him more malleable in theirs. This rather farcical unity has kept Murray in office for six years. After

Murray's re-election by a unanimous vote last November, a cynical CIO rightist called it "the unity created among hunters by the quarry."

The credibility of the rumor of Murray's determination to break with the CIO's left wing fluctuates from day to day. It is reported that he told a meeting of the auto union's executive board in Detroit not long ago that he wanted its backing against the Communists, but his left-wing retainers in the CIO's national office are still huddled around him. Moreover, he appears to have done little to prevent Len DeCaux from loading the *CIO News* with thinly disguised variations on the Kremlin foreign policy theme.

At about the same time that Murray was denouncing Communist "meddling" at the Chicago progressive conference, an issue of the *CIO News* came out crowded with reports and interpretations of a resolution by the Soviet-influenced World Federation of Trade Unions, charging that peace was being jeopardized by the "selfish interests of the monopolists and big capitalists." The WFTU, reported the *CIO News*, had also condemned the "reactionary government of Greece" for depriving Greek workers of their democratic trade union rights. But there was nothing about the democratic rights of trade unionists in Yugoslavia and other Russian satellite countries.

That was straight Communist ballyhoo but it must be said in justice to Murray that the fact may have es-

caped him. Several months ago he reported, with a straight face, that a Soviet trade union delegation had assured him that it was ready to take up with its government any issues affecting the interests of "their people." On another occasion, discussing a proposed link between American and Russian labor unions, he declared that he would be proud to join with Russia's "free" trade unions. This peculiar immunity to comprehension of what goes on around him, as much as his docility, makes Murray completely unpredictable.

It is quite plain that he will avoid decisions so long as equivocation is possible. To forestall debate on the Communist issue at the CIO convention last November, he appointed a committee of three right-wingers (Walter Reuther; Emil Rieve, textile union president; and Milton Murray, president of the American Newspaper Guild) and three left-wingers (Abraham Flaxer, president of the United Public Workers; Mike Quill, president of the Transport Workers; and Ben Gold) to draft a compromise resolution. The result was a resolution as vapid as that adopted earlier in the year by the steelworkers. It declared that the CIO "resented" Communist interference, and let it go at that. It is difficult to say which was more incongruous — the spectacle of Ben Gold, a member of the Communist Party's national committee, sanctioning a resolution "resenting" his organization, or that of Murray seeking Gold's approval to resent him.

On the issue of a "second round" of wage demands, Murray has been only slightly less enmeshed in absurdities. He has spoken strongly for new wage increases, but added, "There is no threat of a strike in the offing." How he plans to get new wage increases without striking (industry hasn't bothered to conceal its opposition to them), he has not made clear.

What is clear is that Murray, the leader of our most powerful and assertive labor federation, is a vague and soft-willed man whose policies will continue to reflect — with inevitable

confusion — the conflicting pressures exerted on him from both within and outside the CIO. The coming months may find him either the quiet exponent of industrial peace or the strident leader of a new strike wave, the belligerent critic of the CIO's left wing or its benevolent protector. No one, Murray included, really knows which it will be. Under the circumstances, the CIO seems destined to remain an organization with more power than purpose, distracted by political feuds, militantly striking out in divergent directions.



INTERVIEW

BY DAVID MORTON

Encountering — and alone — the oak,
Who was as much alone as I,
Assured of privacy, I spoke:
"My friend, this being winter, why,
When others let their leaves go by,

Do you, in folly, strive to hold
These dry and brittle shapes you keep,
They being neither green nor gold,
Wherethrough the winds of winter creep
With whisperings that disturb your sleep?

Why cling to such? The summer's done,
And these were summer's, where they grew
For other airs and in a sun
No longer here. . . ."

"Aye, true as true,
My friend in folly, why do you?"

L I F E

A STORY

BY LIAM O'FLAHERTY

THE mother lay flat on her back, with her eyes closed and her arms stretched out to their full length above the bedclothes. Her hands kept turning back and forth in endless movement. Her whole body was exhausted after the great labor of giving birth.

Then the infant cried. She opened her eyes as soon as she heard the faint voice. She seized the bedclothes fiercely between her fingers. She raised her head and looked wildly towards the grandmother, who was tending the newborn child over the fireplace.

The old woman noticed the mother's savage look. She burst out laughing.

"For the love of God," she said to the two neighboring women that were helping her, "look at herself and she as frightened as a young girl on her wedding night. You'd think this is her first child instead of her last."

She took the infant by the feet, raised him up high and smacked him quite hard on the rump with her open palm.

"Shout now, in God's name," she said, "and put the devil out of your carcass."

The child started violently under the impact of the blow. He screamed again. Now there was power in his voice.

"Upon my soul!" said one of the neighboring women. "I don't blame her at all for being conceited about a young fellow like that."

She spat upon the infant's naked stomach.

"I never laid eyes on a finer newborn son than this one, 'faith," she said in a tone of deep conviction.

"A fine lad, God bless him," said the other woman, as she made the sign of the Cross over the child. "Begob, he has the makings of a hero in him, by all appearances."

"He has, indeed," said the grandmother. "He has the makings of a man in him, all right."

A deep sadness fell upon the mother when she heard the old woman say that this child would be the last to

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come from her womb. She was now forty-three. The years had already brought silver to her hair. She knew very well that she would never again bring life, by the miraculous power of God, from the substance of her body. She had done that fourteen times already. Except for the first time, when the intoxication of love was still strong in her blood, she got little comfort from giving birth. As the holy seed of life multiplied under her roof, so also did misfortune and hunger multiply. It was so hard for a poor couple, like her husband and herself, with only a few acres of stony land, to feed and care for so many little bodies and souls.

Yet she now felt miserably sad at the thought that her womb would henceforth be without fruit. She closed her eyes once more, crossed her hands on her bosom and began a prayer to Almighty God, asking for divine help on the hard road that lay ahead of her.



When the infant and the mother were put in order, the father was allowed to enter the bedroom. He was still in his prime, even though he was nearly fifty years of age, most of which time had been spent in drudgery on the land. He uncovered his head when he came into the presence of the newborn. He crossed himself and bent a knee in homage to the new life.

"May God bless you," he said to the child.

Then he went over to the bed and bowed to his wife in the same way.

"Thank God," he said to her gently, "you have that much past you."

She smiled faintly as she looked at him.

"I'm glad," she said, "that it was a son I gave you as my last child."

"May God reward you for it!" he said fervently, as he again bowed to her.

The old woman brought the child to the bed and laid him against the mother's bosom.

"Here you are now," she said. "Here is the newest little jewel in your house."

All trace of sorrow departed from the mother's soul, as she put her hands about the infant's little body and felt the strong young heart beating behind the ribs. She got a lump in her throat and tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Praised be the great God of glory!" she cried fervently.

The cock began to crow out in the barn. Its voice rose high and sharp above the roar of the November wind that was tearing through the sky.

"May the hand of God protect my child!" cried the mother, when she heard the crowing of the cock.

All the village cocks kept joining in the crowing until they were of one voice saluting the dawn.

"May God preserve the little one!" said the other women.

Far away the sound of the waves was loud as they lashed the great southern cliffs.

"Safe from sickness," prayed the

mother, "safe from blemish, safe from misfortune, safe in body and soul."

After a while, the other children were allowed to enter the room, so that they might make the acquaintance of their youngest little brother. There were seven of them. Four of the fourteen had already died. Another three had gone out into the world in search of a livelihood. All that remained were between the ages of fifteen and three. They became silent with wonder when they caught sight of the baby. They stood about the bed with their mouths open, holding one another by the hand.

Then the grandfather was allowed into the room. He was far from being silent. He began to babble foolishly when he caught sight of his youngest grandson.

"Aie! Aie!" he said. "Everything is more lasting than man. Aie! The Virgin Mary have pity on me! Look at me now and I only the wreck of a man. Yet there was a day. . . ."

He was very old. A few years previously, the sun had hurt him while he was asleep in a field on a warm day. He had been practically a cripple since then, having lost the use of his limbs almost entirely. He was doting. His body shrank from day to day. Now he was no heavier than a little boy. His head was so stooped that one would think it was tethered to his ankles like that of a wicked ass. He trembled like a leaf.

"Aie! Aie!" he said bitterly. "There was a day when I wasn't afraid of any

man, I don't care what man it was, from east or west, that might challenge me, looking for fight or for trouble. 'Faith, I'd let no man take the sway from me, for I was that sort of a man, that never looked for a fight and never ran from one. That was the class of a man I was, a man that could stand his ground without fear or favor. . . ."

The old woman had to take hold of him and carry him out of the room.

"Come on down out of this," she said, "and don't be bothering the people with your foolish talk."

"Ah! God help me!" said one of the neighboring women. "The longest journey from the womb to the grave is only a short one after all."

When the baby took up residence in his cradle by the kitchen hearth, he was like a king in the house. The whole family waited on him. It was thankless work. The newborn was entirely unaware that the slightest favor was being conferred on him. He was completely unaware of all but the solitary instinct that he had brought with him from the womb. That was to maintain and strengthen the life that was in him.

When he awoke, he screamed savagely until he was given hold of his mother's breast. Then he became silent at once. His toothless jaws closed firmly on the swollen teat. His little body shivered with voluptuous pleasure when he felt the first stream of warm milk pouring onto his tongue. He sucked until he was replete. Then

again he fell asleep. When he felt unwell, from stomach ache or some other trivial complaint, he yelled outrageously. He went on yelling in a most barbarous fashion until they began to rock the cradle. They had to keep rocking until his pain had gone.

They sang to him while they rocked.

"Oh! My darling! My darling! My darling!" they sang to him. "Oh! My darling, you're the love of my heart."

Far different was their conduct towards the old man. There was little respect for him. When they waited on him, it was through charity and not because it gave them pleasure. They begrudged him the smallest favor that they conferred on him.

"Look at that old devil," they used to say. "Neither God nor man can get any good out of him and he sitting there in the chimney corner from morning till night. You'd be better off begging your bread than waiting on him."

True enough, it was hard to blame them for complaining. It was very unpleasant work having to wait upon the poor old man. They had to take him from his sleeping place each morning. They had to clean and dress him and put him seated on a little stool in the chimney corner. They had to tie a horsehair rope around his waist, lest he might fall into the fire. At meal times, they had to mash his food and put it in his mouth with a spoon.

He was dependent on them in every way exactly like the infant.

"Aie! The filthy thing!" they used to say. "It would be a great kindness to the people of this house if God would call him."



The grandfather remained tied in his chimney corner all day, between sleep and wake, jabbering, threatening imaginary people with his stick, scolding enemies that were long since dead, making idiotic conversation with the creatures of his folly about people and places.

He only emerged from his witless state when he heard the infant cry on awakening from sleep.

"Who is this?" he would say with his ear cocked. "Who is squealing like this?"

When the mother took the baby from the cradle and gave it suck in the opposite corner, the old man's eyes would brighten and he would recognize the child.

"Ho! Ho!" he would cry in delight. "It's yourself that's in it. Ho! My lovely one! That's a pretty young man I see over opposite me and no about it."

Then he would try to reach the infant. He would get angry when he failed to go farther than the length of his horsehair rope.

"Let me at him," he would cry, struggling to leave his stool. "Let go this rope, you pack of devils. He is over there, one of my kindred. Let me at him. He is a man of my blood. Let me go to him."

His rage never lasted long. He would get overcome with delight on

seeing the infant stretch and shudder voluptuously as he sucked.

"Bravo, little one!" the old man then cried, as he jumped up and down on his stool. "Throw it back, my boy. Don't leave a drop of it. Ho! You are a man of my blood, all right. Drink, little one. More power to you!"

Winter was almost spent before the infant recognized anybody. Until then he only knew his mother's breasts and the warmth of his cradle by means of touch. Even though he often watched what was happening about him, there was no understanding in his big staring blue eyes. Then the day came at last when the resplendent soul shone out through his eyes.

He was lying on his belly across his mother's lap, suffering a little from stomach ache owing to having drunk too much, when he took note of the old man's foolish gestures in the opposite corner. He smiled at first. Then he began to clap hands and to leap exactly like the old man. He uttered a little jovial yell.

"Praised be the great God of glory!" said the mother.

The household gathered round. They all stood looking at the infant and at the old man, who were imitating one another's foolish gestures across the hearth. Everybody laughed gaily except the grandmother. It was now she began to weep out loud.

"Aie! My Lord God!" she wailed. "The foolishness of infancy is a lovely thing to behold, but it's pitiful to see an old person that has outlived his reason."

From that day onward, the old man and the baby spent long spells playing together, clapping hands, jabbering and driveling. It would be hard to say which of them was the more foolish. When the infant was weaned, it was with the same mash they were both fed.

According as the infant grew strong from day to day the old man weakened. He got bronchitis in spring and they thought that his end had come. He received extreme unction. Yet he recovered from that attack. He was soon able to leave his bed and resume his position in the hearth corner. Now he was merely a shadow of his former self. They could lift him with one hand.



A day came early in May when there was a big spring tide and the whole family went to pick carrageen moss along the shore. The grandmother was left to take care of the house, the infant and the old man. It was a fine sunny day.

"Take me out into the yard," the old man said to his wife. "I'd like to see the sun before I die."

She did as he asked her. She put him sitting in a straw chair outside the door. She herself sat on a stool near him, with the infant on her bosom. She began to call the fowl.

"Tiuc! Tiuc!" she cried. "Fit! Fit! Beadai! Beadai! Beadai!"

They all came running to her at top speed, hens and ducks and geese. She threw them scraps of food from a big dish. The birds began to fight for the

food, as they leaped and screamed and prodded one another with their beaks.

The infant took delight in the tumult of the birds. He began to clap his hands and to leap, as he watched the fierce struggle of the winged creatures. He screamed with glee in answer to their harsh croaking.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he cried, while the spittle ran from his mouth.

The old man got equally excited and he imitated the gestures of the infant. He began to clap hands and to hop on his chair and to babble unintelligibly.

"Musha, God help the two of you!" the old woman said.

The old man became silent all of a sudden. She glanced anxiously in his direction. She saw him half erect and leaning forward. Then he fell to the ground head foremost. She rushed to him with the child under her arm.

When she stooped over him, she heard the death rattle in his throat. Then there was nothing at all to be heard from him.

She stood up straight and began the lamentation for the newly dead.

"Och! Ochon!" she wailed. "It was with you I walked through the delight and sorrow of life. Now you are gone and I'll soon be following you. Och! Ochon! My love! It was you that was lovely on the day of our marriage. . . ."

When the neighbors came, the old woman sat lamenting on her stool by the corpse with the child within her arms, while the birds still leaped and fought savagely for the food in the dish.

The infant hopped up and down, shouting merrily as he struggled to touch the bright feathers of the rushing birds with his outstretched hands.



CHILDREN WHO DRINK

BY ALSON J. SMITH

RECENTLY the head psychiatrist at a hospital specializing in the treatment of alcoholism told me he was treating a 16-year-old boy for chronic alcoholism. I asked him if it weren't true that it took about ten years to become a chronic alcoholic. Quite right, he said. Freddie had begun drinking before he was seven, when an unscrupulous governess had discovered that several spoonful of whisky could calm tantrums. The father and mother had been divorced; Freddie saw his mother irregularly, and by the time he was eleven or so he didn't have to be fed whisky — he was getting it himself from his father's amply-stocked cabinet. Subsequently he had to leave prep school because of repeated intoxication. Happily his father married again and his new wife took an interest in the boy. He was persuaded to go to the hospital, and his chances for recovery from alcoholism are now considered good.

But, the psychiatrist went on, this was not an isolated case. Many other children had been treated at the hospital. He told me there had been a

considerable increase in drinking among children in the last few years.

Organizations like the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, the Judge Baker Foundation in Boston, New York's Osborne Association, and the various children's courts reveal that there has indeed been a startling increase in juvenile drinking since 1939. In 1945, for instance, the arrest for drunkenness of boys under 18 had increased 101 per cent over 1939. For the year 1945 the FBI reports 269 children arrested for violating liquor laws, 426 for drunken driving and 2722 for drunkenness.

A recent survey conducted by *The Grapevine*, official organ of "Alcoholics Anonymous," shows that most alcoholics begin addictive drinking as children. Seventy-one per cent of alcoholics had first got drunk between the ages of 10 and 19, 6.1 per cent between the ages of 10 and 14, and 1 per cent below the age of 10. Twenty-nine per cent said they had first "blacked out" as children, 20 per cent began sneaking drinks as kids, 15.8 per cent lost control of their drinking while

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still minors, and 18.9 per cent made week-end intoxication a habit before reaching voting age. If these percentages hold for all this country's estimated 3,500,000 intemperate drinkers, it means that 2,850,000 of them first became intoxicated before they were out of their teens.

The situation is reflected clearly enough in these typical complaints to the Juvenile Protective Association in Chicago:

I have a son 17 years old and he goes to B's tavern all the time. He goes to High School but has no time for study because of this tavern. The tavern-owner takes the neighborhood children with him to the brewery and gets them drunk and now they won't listen to their mothers. . . . Please look into this place because I have reported it to the local police but they do nothing about it. . . . Please help a mother save her son.

My girl goes to a tavern on So. Michigan Ave. with other girls, and when I went there and told the owner not to sell her drinks because she is only 16 he just ignored me. I found many kids here and older men picking up these girls — my girl did not come home until 3 o'clock Saturday morning and I'm afraid of what will happen to her.

Of course these particular Chicago parents did not tell the Juvenile Protective Association why the children found the tavern preferable to the home, or why their children did not "listen" to them. They did not testify to their own failure, but in many of these cases it is safe to say that parental neglect is certainly one of the most important elements in juvenile delinquency.

II

The breakdown in family life has laid the foundation for widespread addiction to alcohol. Dr. Robert Seliger of Johns Hopkins believes that "*The root of alcoholism — the need or craving for narcotization — is found in childhood reactions to family environment.*" The child who is made to feel unwanted or, contrarily, is pampered; the child who is punished too much or not enough; the child who is discriminated against in favor of a more comely or intelligent brother or sister; the child who is constantly made aware that his parents do not love each other — all these are already casting about for the escape they will later find in alcohol.

Another reason for the increase in juvenile drinking is the increase in parental drinking. In 1945 the American public spent an all-time high of \$7,770,000,000 for liquor. In 1944 one national distillery recorded sales of \$386,634,991, with a profit to the lucky stockholders of \$96,238,638. Between 1935 and 1945 the total revenue from liquor taxation increased more than 400 per cent. People — parents among them — were drinking a lot of liquor.

And it is still true that children tend to do what their parents do, rather than what their parents say. The statistics gathered by child welfare agencies show that children who get drunk and children who later become alcoholics often come from homes in which one or both parents are al-

coholics. Dr. Anne Roe, in a lecture before the Yale School of Alcohol Studies, stated recently that between 30 and 40 per cent of all alcoholics come from homes where there is a history of parental alcoholism.

So far has parental responsibility slipped in our day that an alarming number of children are introduced to intoxication by their own parents. The writer knows of a family group in Connecticut whose Saturday night get-togethers are featured by the deliberate intoxication of three small children in order to see them "act up" under the influence of liquor. This raises the fundamental question of just how to introduce children to alcohol, or rather to the existence of alcohol as an element in social life.

Here, it seems to me, it is important to be as natural and casual as possible. Even if the parents are abstinent, it is best not to make a bogey of alcohol by emphasizing the sinfulness of buying, selling or drinking it. Whenever this is done, when peculiar powers are attributed to liquor, when it is invested with mystery — as it so often is in the homes of total abstainers — it appeals to the youthful love of experiment, no matter how luridly drunkenness is depicted.

Many Europeans, of course, are accustomed to drinking wine with their meals from childhood. The French or Italian child has wine with his meals, not because there is any "kick" to the wine, but because it seems to make his food taste better. To him wine belongs in the same category as pep-

per, salad dressing or chili sauce. Over the years he may drink barrels of it, but there is no evidence that it hurts him. It is when a fetish is made of alcohol, when its escapist potentialities are emphasized, that the child tends to think of it — and eventually turn to it — as an escape from his own problems, or compensation for his own inadequacies. A casual, non-moralistic approach to the fact of alcohol will go a long way toward reducing drunkenness and its accompanying delinquency.

III

One very important element in juvenile drunkenness is the tavern which refuses to obey the law. Take a typical Saturday night in the Englewood district of Chicago. We may take as examples two taverns investigated by the Juvenile Protective Association:

In one tavern, a fairly large place with bar, booths, and tables, about 80 patrons were present, including 25 or 30 young girls, several of whom were unquestionably minors, a dozen sailors and a few soldiers, ten or fifteen unattached women and several older men. One girl about sixteen years of age, with her head resting on the bar, was too drunk to move. (*Art. VI-Sec. 12 of the Illinois Liquor Control Law says: "No licensee shall sell, give, or deliver alcoholic liquor to any minor."*) Others in varying degrees of intoxication were in darkened booths or at tables with men. It was 2 A.M. — the later the hour the more intoxicated and uninhibited the patrons became. (*Chicago City Code, No. 3143-0 says: "No liquor may be sold in Chicago between the hours of 1 A.M. and 7 A.M. week-days and 2 A.M. and 12 noon Sundays.*

Tavern customers must leave the premises and taverns must be locked during these hours.")

In another place a crowd of about 400 patrons was present; a few were eating, all of them were drinking and some of the younger ones were dancing. Probably fifty service men were among the patrons and there were also many unescorted women and girls. There was a sign here stating service men must show proof of age, but no precautions were evident regarding civilian minors. Many girls who were unmistakably minors were served drinks without question. Some girls and women were here to meet men and some of the men were here to pick up girls; both were succeeding. (*Chicago City Code: Sec. 4216 says: "Soliciting for prostitution is illegal and prostitutes or pimps may not assemble in taverns."*)

Investigations since 1934 show that more than half of Chicago's 9026 retail liquor outlets consistently and flagrantly operate in violation of state and city law. These violations are broken down as follows by the Juvenile Protective Association:

- 5250 places violate the law regarding obstructed view and lighting;
- 5000 provide some form of gambling for their patrons;
- 2200 sell to minors;
- 4500 sell to intoxicated persons;
- 2000 violate health and sanitation laws;
- 1200 employ minors;
- 250 employ girls as hostesses;
- 150 require entertainers to mingle and drink with patrons;
- 240 allow prostitutes to loiter on the premises;
- 5300 serve women at the bar in violation of city ordinance.

The following case illustrates the difficulty of either preventing issuance of a liquor license in Chicago or

closing a place that has been opened:

During January 1939 the JPA had five letters from citizens of one community who were trying to prevent the opening of a tavern by a person not morally qualified to have a license. He was already operating one disreputable place in the neighborhood. Appeals were made to the police and a license for the new location was refused. But brewery officials interceded for the applicant and a license was immediately granted.

Since this place opened in 1939 numerous complaints have been received by the Association because of its continual and flagrant violation of the law. Repeated investigations since then reveal that this tavern has exerted a destructive influence on the youth of the community—unescorted teen-age girls drinking with men they had not met before; under-age boys engaging in drunken fights over young girls; the sale of liquor after closing hours; the employment of under-age girls as waitresses; young service men picking up teen-age girls and hardened, disreputable women; obscene language, drunkenness and indecent conduct; and eventually even murder. Only then, after a killing preceded by more than five years of continual violations, was the license revoked. But even this long and disgraceful record was not sufficient to keep the place permanently closed; its license was restored and today it is doing business as usual.

This is a situation which is causing great concern not only to those con-

cerned for civic morality but to the reputable organizations of the liquor industry itself. Groups like the National Tavern Owners' Association and the Allied Liquor Industries are as much opposed to such conditions as the Juvenile Protective Association.

And Chicago, of course, is neither the only offender nor the worst. From the writer's own observation over a period of several years, the Windy City is somewhat worse than New York or Philadelphia, somewhat better than Boston or Baltimore. It has, certainly, no moral morass like Boston's Scollay Square or Baltimore's "The Block."

IV

One of the difficulties in keeping children from alcohol is that it has a social acceptance that opium, for instance, does not. It has a definite ceremonial function in our society, and this is impressed upon the child at an early age. This obvious social acceptance and wide use, glamorized in advertising and entertainment, is not balanced in the child's mind by any effective education about alcohol or evaluation of its rôle in society.

What can be done about this increase in drunkenness and delinquency among our children?

First, a word about what *cannot* be done. The social acceptance of alcohol, derived from hundreds of centuries of human use, cannot be repealed. Prohibition is no solution. Thirty years ago Dr. George T. W. Patrick, in his *Psychology of Relaxa-*

tion, had this to say about alcohol:

Merely to suppress the sale of alcohol is like putting a lid on the tea-kettle to prevent the steam from escaping. As long as the fire burns brightly beneath and there is water in the kettle, something will probably happen to the lid. If the lid is screwed on tightly enough, something will probably happen to the kettle. We must either provide some way for the steam to escape or else remove the fire. So we must either provide some substitute for all alcohol, such as healthful forms of relaxation, or else, by a different kind of education bring about such a harmony in the human personality as to make unnecessary the resort to temporary expedients.

We have yet to make a more accurate analysis of the problem.

There are, however, some things that can and should be done immediately. First, stricter laws governing the licensing of taverns and the retail sale of liquor can be worked out, and the present laws can be better enforced. Speaking on this subject recently, Dr. Walter O. Cromwell of the Juvenile Protective Association said:

Certainly, all avenues of approach must be used to help solve the problems of youth. Church programs, education, welfare work, recreational opportunities and vocational guidance are all necessary. But from our observation and experience, the greatest single step which could be taken in dealing with these problems would be the enforcement of our laws regulating the sale and use of liquor.

That tavern owners themselves are worried is shown by the recent action of the New Jersey Licensed Beverage Association, representing 7400 tavern owners, which petitioned the state

legislature for a law "requiring all persons to register with their municipal clerks upon reaching their twenty-first birthday and to secure a registration card bearing their signature," which would certify their right to buy alcoholic beverages. The Association also asked for a state law permitting prosecution of minors who purchase alcoholic beverages.

Second, the states should work out programs of alcohol education in the public schools. The laws now in existence vary widely throughout the country, and in most states the existing laws requiring alcohol education are either inadequate or ignored, and often both. In Illinois, for example, the law requires that "All pupils in . . . public schools from the third grade to the second year in high school must be taught the nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics and their effect on the human system; there must be four lessons a week for two or more weeks." But in Chicago, where such education is most badly needed, even this inadequate law is evaded.

And of course, it is not only — or even primarily — the children who need education. Judge George T. Martin of Dearborn, Michigan, recently set up a "School For Delinquent Parents" in connection with his court. Those convicted of parental neglect, drunkenness, etc., are given an alternative: "Ninety days in jail — or go to school and learn how to be a decent parent." At this school talks are given by experts on family living,

health, psychology and child guidance, and the delinquent parent is invited to ask questions and participate in the discussion. No parent who has completed the course has ever been brought back into court on a similar charge.

This secular education should be backed up by the churches with a more intelligent and scientific approach to the subject than any currently available through the official "temperance" organizations, whose "education" is mostly for prohibition.

Finally, and most important, the American home must once again become a real home and not merely a convenient place for the family to stable its neuroses. Our children, even when their exuberance fags us, must not be so easily surrendered to Superman, the neighborhood movie house or the amusement park.

In this rebuilding of home life and the reintegration of our children into it, religion can play an important part. The old religious sanction probably cannot be restored, but a new and more vital sanction can and must be found — a sanction which will emphasize the unifying discipline of family devotions, the loving Fatherhood of a Supreme Being, and the fellowship and equality of all human beings.

Better laws are important. Enforcement is important. So is the right kind of education. But the battle against the rising tide of drunkenness and delinquency will be won or lost in the American home.

THE LEGACY OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

ANDREW JACKSON has long been the symbol of fighting democracy in American political life. On the lips of Democratic spellbinders his name is a call-to-arms: Jefferson, the sage of Monticello, is the serene philosopher of democracy, but Jackson is its militant champion, rude, brawling and irresistible. Schoolbook history adds the photo-montage: backwoods Andy Jackson, rough, tough and lusty, hard as nails and irascible as a bumble-bee, defying successively the British, the Indians, the Eastern aristocrats, the United States Bank, the Supreme Court — all in the name of the common people, the unpolished, uncouth, good-hearted rabble, clad in buckskin and flourishing bowie knives, who stormed the White House on the day of his inaugural.

It is a good story; and it ought to be, for enough talents of diverse kinds went into inventing and perpetuating it. As a young man, Jackson was no doubt a roisterer; but he was sixty-one years old on his inauguration as seventh President in 1829. A quarter century on a spacious Tennessee plantation had given him the

bearing and instincts of an aristocrat. His manners had long since grown urbane and confident; and his temper had succumbed to the control of ambition, calculation and experience. As one Washington hostess put it, Jackson possessed “quite as much *suaviter in modo* as *fortiter in re*.” Daniel Webster, later to become one of his determined enemies, observed in 1824, “General Jackson’s manners are more Presidential than those of any of the candidates. . . . My wife is for him decidedly.” (The other candidates that year included John Quincy Adams of the famous Massachusetts family and Henry Clay, the polished and cosmopolitan Kentuckian.) Like Thomas Jefferson and Franklin Roosevelt, Andrew Jackson was a country squire in the White House.

But the opponents of Jackson found it smart politics to spread a legend of his crudeness and ignorance. He was portrayed as a senile, semi-literate and impassioned old fool, dominated by a clique of cunning radicals. From this propaganda campaign came such tales as the one that “O.K.” orig-

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inated in Jackson's belief that he was abbreviating the words "all correct." Webster and Clay in their speeches on the Hill developed the same basic picture in more sonorous tones. For many years the leading historians of the period, men in the Whig-Republican tradition, copied their judgments from Webster and Clay, whose oratorical flights they mistook for sober historical analysis. The Jackson myth was thus solidly imbedded in the written history.

In recent years the legend has received support from a new source, supposedly pro-Jackson in character. The cult of the proletariat created a movement to proletarianize all American democratic heroes by a process of retroactive historical interpretation. The stereotype of Jackson fabricated by Whig propaganda in the 1830s thus became a natural for the sentimental leftism of the 1930s. One of the more ludicrous results was the attempt to press Jackson into the service of the Communist Party line — as in *The Merry Andrew*, a novel written by a fellow-traveling Hollywood writer named Dalton Trumbo. In this curious book the ghost of Jackson appears to warn the hero against sinister British attempts to inveigle him into the imperialist war against Hitler and the Nazis. (Needless to say, this book was written before the attack on the USSR disclosed to Trumbo that Hitler was a menace to world democracy.)

The tip-off is the use of the nickname. No one ever called Jackson

"Andy Jackson" during his Presidency — at least, in some years of research on the 1830s I never came upon it — but the literary phonies today unfailingly dub Jackson with the folksy "Andy," as their successors in another century will doubtless speak of that great proletarian Frankie Roosevelt.

Jackson was perhaps not quite the symbol of fighting democracy that he has appeared in the schoolbooks. But in a more fundamental sense he remains the classic symbol in American life of the political and economic struggle for the common man. Franklin Roosevelt, who knew his American history, perceived fully both Jackson's essential significance and his own remarkable kinship to Jackson. "We look back on his amazing personality," Roosevelt once said, "we review his battles because the struggles he went through, the victories he won are part and parcel of the struggles, the enmities, the defeats and the victories of those who have lived in all the generations that have followed."

II

The great paradox of democracy is that its moral ideas preceded its political and economic problems. Democracy drew its values and goals from the eighteenth century, its basic practical issues from the nineteenth century. Jefferson set forth the democratic dream in terms so compelling and universal that they have held broadly good for all subsequent generations. But his specific democratic

presuppositions were derived from an agricultural society of small freeholds. His identification of democracy and rural life was so complete that he looked upon cities and upon a propertyless working class with a horror he did not conceal. "The mobs of great cities," he said, "add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body."

Jefferson wrote, of course, before industrialism had begun to transform the basis of American life. As President he tried to grapple with some of the first repercussions of this transformation. But he died before any one could effectively measure the consequences of industrialism for democracy or restate the problems of democracy in terms of an industrial society. Jefferson's Virginia successors in the White House — Madison and Monroe — simply folded before the demands of the vigorous new business community; and John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, sympathized, on the whole, with these demands.

Jackson was thus the first President to take up the challenge to American democracy presented by a business community whose resources were greatly expanded by the Industrial Revolution. The business community had reached out for political power: involuntarily, perhaps, its objective became, not just to produce goods and make profits, but to control the state. Once in power it had crudely identified the broad interests of American society with the narrow

cash interests of the businessmen. ("What is good for business," as the National Association of Manufacturers put it a century later, "is good for you.") The consequence was a series of measures which alarmed and threatened to impoverish the farmers, the workers, the professional people, the intellectuals and even the small businessmen.

The incompetence of business rule created a massive but inchoate movement of social protest. Jackson forged this protest into an effective political party, as he had forged the rag, tag and bobtail of the South into a fighting force at the battle of New Orleans. Businessmen inevitably denounced him for setting class against class. But in fact he was simply representing the groups in America outside the business community (and a good many enlightened businessmen as well) in a battle to preserve the foundations of American democracy.

His following included the farmers, mechanics and workers. It included the heads of the young and struggling trade union movement — in 1834 the Democrats sent Ely Moore, first president of the National Trades Union, to the House of Representatives where his fiery pro-labor speeches frightened the Southern Democrats and appalled John Quincy Adams. It included the efficient machines in the large Northern cities; it had its conservative Southern wing and its agricultural bloc. It included most of the leading writers of the day — Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Cul-

len Bryant, Walt Whitman, James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, George Bancroft and many others. Anticipating the election to Congress of actress Helen Gahagan Douglas by a century, the Democrats of New York City even ran Edwin Forrest, the popular actor, for Congress in 1838.

Business aspirations came to focus under the leadership of Nicholas Biddle, president of the United States Bank. In 1832 Biddle determined on a campaign to secure the recharter of the Bank, both with its special access to the government and its special immunities from public control. A frenzy of lobbying, press hysteria and pressure group activity, stimulated along lines all too familiar to us today, pushed the Bank bill through both houses of Congress. Jackson sent it back with a resounding veto. "When the laws," wrote Jackson, "undertake . . . to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society — the farmers, mechanics, and laborers — who have neither the times nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government."

The issue then went to the country, which triumphantly sustained Jackson in the 1832 election. With this mandate behind him Jackson removed the government deposits from the Bank. Against the nearly unanimous opposition of the business community, his successor, Martin Van Buren, established the independent

treasury system, and thereby gave the deathblow to the theory that private banks had a proprietary right to the use of government funds.

III

This pattern has recurred periodically in our history. "Free enterprise," left alone, contains strong inherent tendencies toward monopoly — tendencies which no one has recognized with more acuteness than Adam Smith. Government has then to intervene in order to prevent competition from being extinguished. But the very act of intervention — particularly against the desire of the largest and most powerful elements of the business community — strengthens the authority of the government and increases the disposition of the people to look to the state for the solution of its problems.

Jackson's war against Biddle and the Bank transformed the central government from a mild and innocuous agency into an instrument with powers of coercion. He bared the teeth of the Constitution, and his victory established as a basic tenet of American democracy that in the last analysis the people's government has to be kept more powerful than any private group controlled by men not responsible to the people.

This meant, of course, that Jackson had to expand the executive powers in proportion to the vigor of Biddle's challenge. His Presidency almost transformed the character of the office, unfolding new Constitutional

resources both for public and for party leadership. He used the veto, for example, more often than all his predecessors put together; and he first employed Federal patronage on a large scale as a means of maintaining his party organization.

Business denounced these acts as the prelude to dictatorship. At one point in his second term, after the removal of the government deposits from the Bank, the Senate actually passed a resolution charging the President with having violated the Constitution; and, when Jackson responded with a long protest, the Senate refused to enter it into its records. But Jackson was always confident in his appeal over the heads of Congress to the people. Before his second term ended, the Senate rescinded its resolution of censure.

Jackson's energy inevitably entangled him with the Supreme Court. Eventually he was able to fill the Court with his own appointees who promptly handed down a series of decisions which threw the business community into panic. Daniel Webster wrote gloomily that the Court was "gone . . . and almost everything is gone, or seems rapidly going." But the nation managed even to survive the change in the personnel of the Court.

IV

Jackson thus laid out in firm lines the pattern for all the Presidents who have had to pick up the pieces after a period of business rule. The problem

has always been with us. In one hundred and fifty years business has produced only one leader with a genuinely national viewpoint — Alexander Hamilton. Since the time of the Federalists, businessmen and their political servants have displayed no governing capacity in the realm of national politics. In the crises of American life the people have always turned to a coalition of non-business groups behind some militant democratic leader; the leader must tap all the resources of the Presidential power to fight for the democratic program against the Congress and the Supreme Court, which are both more likely to be under conservative control; and the record shows that the business community has always provided savage resistance to the policies which in the end have saved them.

Big government is thus not the result of a wild-eyed radical conspiracy. It is the direct creation of big business; for only through big government can the people impose their veto on the action of big business — the veto so indispensable to the workings of democratic society. As business itself has grown more complex, bureaucratic and centralized, so too has government machinery for controlling it.

Thus a difference of degree, rather than a difference in purpose, divides the age of Franklin Roosevelt from the age of Jackson. The New Deal did not invent government intervention in business, government appeals to a broad popular coalition against the business community, or

the expansion of Presidential power. It simply stepped up these methods to meet the challenge of an ever more powerful and more centrally controlled business community.

Government intervention certainly presents thorny problems of its own. Roosevelt once said, "We have built up new instruments of public power. In the hands of a people's Government this power is wholesome and proper. But in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy such power would provide shackles for the liberties of the people." The example of totalitarianism in Germany and Russia is chastening. But let us not delude ourselves that all Federal regulation is Communist-inspired, that any proposal for government controls was born in Moscow. This is the type of myth which since the days of Jefferson

and Jackson the business community has been fostering in order to protect itself from scrutiny and control.

Andrew Jackson may never have been quite the raw and romantic figure that some of his leftist admirers imagine. No one called him Andy. His table manners were good, and he could read and write. But his contributions to the development of American democracy have been fundamental just the same. He adapted Jeffersonianism to the harder, tougher necessities of industrial society. He showed future democratic Presidents how to restrain the business community when it tries to assert its political will to the detriment of the humble members of society. At a time when political power has swung back to the Right, liberals will find new inspiration in his fighting spirit.



QUIET WOMAN

BY HANNAH KAHN

Take me quietly that there be peace between us;
I who cried on mountain peaks must now be still.
Flame consumes too much of substance in the burning;
Let me pause on smoother earth, forsake the hill.

Take me softly, take me slowly. Like a pillow
Let me be that you may lean your head on me,
And caressing you, be like a supple willow
Swaying gently without need or urgency.

Thus for peace I barter planets and their tokens
And for ease I barter crimson, growing old;
But relinquishing the peaks, am not forsaken
And not quite so desolate or quite so cold.

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT LIVER DISEASES

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

THE liver — which is the largest single gland in the human body — has been likened by imaginative medical writers to a “drugstore,” a “commissary” and a “chemical laboratory.” Silently, without any beatings or rumblings, without our even being aware of its existence, the liver carries on a multitude of essential functions. “In some way or other,” says one authority, “the liver is concerned with practically every function in the body.”

Normally the liver is too small to be felt by the doctor’s prying fingers as he palpates an abdomen for some evidence of disease. Yet it is a large organ. It averages about a foot across in width, about six inches from front to back and it usually weighs from three to five pounds. In a way, it is divided into right and left sections, with the greater part of its bulk on the right. Microscopically, it is composed chiefly of polygonal cells which are arranged in characteristic clusters called lobules. The liver has another cell, star-like in shape, that is an assiduous scavenger and doughty germ-fighter.

The polygonal cell is the key worker in the intricate process of chemical synthesis and analysis that is constantly taking place. As in any well-organized laboratory or plant, the worker cell must be supplied with suitable raw materials for his tasks as well as with adequate nourishment. In the liver both of these requirements are admirably fulfilled. Unlike other organs, the liver has a dual blood supply. From the portal vein it receives from the stomach and intestines blood that is loaded with “raw material,” the just-digested food. From the hepatic artery it receives oxygen-rich blood to “feed” the working cell. In a fashion, the portal vein may be likened to a great one-way highway that allows trucks filled with produce to be rushed from distant farms to market.

Or it may be compared to the conveyor belt in a large factory, carrying unfinished material to the mechanics at the work-benches.

To make our analogy between the liver and a factory complete, we need only “outlets” for our finished prod-

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ucts. In the liver we have them in the hepatic veins which take the blood that has been acted upon by the liver to the heart, where it can be distributed to the rest of the body. And there are the bile ducts which gather up the newly finished bile and take it to the intestines to serve in the processes of digestion. The finished products of the liver serve both the body as a whole and the process of digestion in particular.

The manufacture of bile is one of the chief functions of the liver but by no means its only function. The capabilities of the liver are so diverse and varied that the mere recounting of them makes a long and tedious list. Among its numerous rôles are those concerned with metabolism of fats, proteins and carbohydrates, formation of blood-clotting chemicals, protection against various poisons, and provision of an "overflow tank," preventing death in some cases of heart failure. In fact, there are very few physiological processes entirely independent of the liver.

For example, take the problem of protecting us against various poisons. The liver lies between our intestines and our heart, an anatomical arrangement of great practical significance. All the blood from the intestines loaded with partially digested foods (and substances that we may have eaten unwisely) must pass through the liver before it is distributed to other parts of the body. The liver is thus interposed between us, our internal selves so to speak, and

the outside world. Here it is in an ideal location to act as a great chemical "filter," selectively allowing the passage of some substances, changing the chemical composition of others to render them less noxious and trapping those that it cannot change. All of these functions are everyday work for the liver.

This filtering action of the liver was graphically demonstrated by one scientist who injected blue dyes into the portal vein in such high concentrations that they stained the liver deeply. Yet the other organs of the body showed hardly any bluish staining at all. The liver had apparently removed the dye from the blood by "filtration." Now, if we substitute a poison like strychnine for the harmless dye, we obtain results that are quite similar. If strychnine is fed slowly to experimental animals in sublethal doses over a period of several days, it is possible eventually to feed them as much as twenty-five times the ordinary fatal dose without causing any permanent damage. In clinical medicine, too, hypodermic injections of strychnine are two to eight times more active than when the drug is fed by mouth. Strychnine is a strong poison, but the liver is able to detoxify it to a great extent and limit its deadliness.

Another way in which the liver protects us from harm is in the manufacture of blood-clotting substances. If it weren't for the liver, the tiniest scratch would allow us to bleed to death. There are four different chemi-

cal compounds involved in the blood's ability to form a firm clot; three are manufactured in the liver. The liver synthesizes all of the blood-clotting proteins; only calcium, obtained from the diet, is provided without the help of the liver. Scientists have recently taken advantage of liver chemistry to obtain potent blood-clotting compounds for use in surgical operations.

If it were not for the liver's ability to regulate the amount of carbohydrates in the blood, all of us would probably have a speedy diabetic death. In the rôle of carbohydrate-regulator, the liver shares honors with another organ — the pancreas. The liver stores sugar (glucose) when it starts piling up in the bloodstream and releases it when the supplies start running low. In some way this storage and release are regulated by the insulin secretion of the pancreas. Diabetes results when the secretion of insulin is inadequate, with a resulting elevation of the blood sugar level and an outpouring of sugar in the urine. Less commonly, a diabetes-like condition can be produced when the liver, and not the pancreas, is at fault. For such a patient, insulin injections will be of but little help. These facts were graphically brought out not long ago in a case reported by Dr. Sidney A. Portis of Chicago.

His patient was a sixty-six-year-old woman who was sick with a pain in the right upper portion of her abdomen. For years sugar had been present in her urine and she had been given insulin injections for her di-

abetes. Careful examination revealed that she had an enlarged tender gall-bladder that seemed to be sufficient reason for her pain. Since she had had similar episodes of pain for about twenty years, Dr. Portis was led to believe that her gall-bladder and liver had both been damaged by these recurring bouts of inflammation. It seemed likely, therefore, that the excess of sugar in her blood and urine was not due to a deficiency in insulin but rather to an impairment of the liver in storing carbohydrates. Injections of insulin were therefore discontinued and large amounts of glucose were fed intravenously. Two weeks later the patient was operated upon and a gall-bladder that was severely infected and loaded with pus was removed. The operation turned the trick. The patient's urine cleared of sugar, her "diabetes" disappeared.

II

Exact diagnosis of liver diseases is something of a problem for two reasons. In the first place, the liver has so many different functions in the body that no single test is reliable enough to determine how extensive disease or damage to the organ may be. Secondly, the liver has a tremendous reserve and a remarkable ability to regenerate after being knocked out by injury or sickness. Most of the tests in use today fail to detect slight degrees of liver damage and are relatively crude when compared, let us say, to tests of kidney function. As a matter of fact, it has been estimated

that if only 15 per cent of the liver were undiseased, practically all of its functions would be carried out "normally" according to present-day tests. No other organ can apparently function so well with so little.

Of the approximately twenty tests for liver disease that are now in vogue, some are employed quite commonly, while others are used only under unusual circumstances. Tests that measure accurately how much jaundice a patient has are almost always necessary for diagnosis; these tests also serve as a guide for determining the patient's progress. Other tests aid the doctor to determine what type of jaundice the patient has, whether it is due to obstruction of the bile ducts (as, let us say, by a gallstone) or whether it is due to destruction of blood cells by some noxious agent. In still other tests, a dye is injected into the blood, and samples of blood are taken at regular intervals thereafter to determine at what rate it can be cleared or filtered from the blood by the liver. The results obtained with any one test are like one piece of a jig-saw puzzle.

Jaundice is usually the most striking symptom in nearly all disorders of the liver. The term itself refers to a yellowish discoloration of the skin, caused by an increase in the amount of yellow bile pigment circulating in the blood. Since bile pigment can get into the blood in several different ways, the causes of jaundice are varied. Jaundice is therefore a symptom, not a disease. It can result from an

obstruction to the outflow of the bile, causing it to back up into the liver and overflow into the general circulation. This is called obstructive jaundice. A second type is called hemolytic because it comes from a sudden and rapid breakdown of the red blood cells, a process termed hemolysis. Since bile pigment is derived from the hemoglobin of the red cells, a rapid escape of hemoglobin into the blood will stain the skin yellow.

A third type of jaundice, one of special interest currently, is called catarrhal or infectious since it is probably caused by an infectious agent. Recently obtained evidence indicates that this infectious agent is a virus and that it can spread from person to person in epidemic fashion. In the armed services, during the recent war, this type of jaundice was particularly troublesome because of the toll it took in man-hours. For example, from the Middle East, Captain Walter P. Havens, Jr., of the Army Medical Corps reported an epidemic of 200 cases of jaundice in the short space of sixteen months. On the average, each patient required 28.8 days of hospitalization, or a total loss from service of more than 138,000 man-hours. In the South Pacific, at one Naval Hospital, in a period of six months, over 750 cases were admitted; the average patient was not ready to return to duty for at least six weeks.

During the war a new type of jaundice appeared. Its origin is still not entirely clear. Early in 1942, Army doctors were suddenly confronted

with an epidemic of jaundice among troops being vaccinated for yellow fever. The epidemic lasted a number of months and swept through the personnel of Army camps throughout the West. More than 11,000 persons were afflicted; 3 in every 1000 died. A committee of research scientists discovered that it was not the yellow fever vaccine itself that was responsible, but human serum. Whether this serum contained a hidden virus — one similar to or identical with that causing infectious jaundice — is still not definitely known. Since then, however, potential blood donors are carefully queried to discover any recent history of jaundice. If such a history is obtained the donation of blood is usually not accepted.

For the time being, "homologous serum jaundice" is the term applied to this new disease. It is believed that it can strike any person who receives a transfusion of pooled commercial serum. For example, here is one of a series of such cases reported recently by Dr. Charles M. Grossman and Dr. Ernest W. Saward of the Permanente Foundation Hospitals. A thirty-one-year-old state highway patrolman had accidentally fractured his hip bone. The fracture was operated upon and set and he was given half a pint of plasma that same day. Two months later he started to develop some fever; within a few days he also began to have aches and pains over most of his body. Jaundice appeared soon thereafter. After three weeks of intensive treatment the jaundice disappeared

and the patient recovered completely. It seems likely that his illness was attributable to his transfusion of plasma.

III

Cirrhosis of the liver is probably the first condition that comes to mind when one speaks of liver disease. Although it has a time-honored relationship with alcohol-imbibing, science now knows that it is not the alcohol *per se* that causes the disease but the fact that the chronic alcoholic does not eat the right foods when he is on binges.

A thirty-three-year-old bartender had been drinking a pint of hard liquor a day for about ten years. In addition he also consumed ten to twelve glasses of beer or ale daily. Often he went without food for days at a time, while continuing to consume his usual amount of alcohol. In spite of this routine he appeared to be well and remained at work. Six weeks before coming to the hospital he first began to complain of cramp pains in his abdomen, but these were not very severe. It was only two weeks later, when he noticed a yellow discoloration of his eyes and skin, that he decided to do something about it.

When examined at the hospital, he was obviously jaundiced; his liver was found to be enlarged and tender. A diagnosis of cirrhosis of the liver was made and he was started on a course of treatment that included blood transfusions and intravenous injection of vitamins, carbohydrates and other nutritional agents. In spite of all

efforts he gradually became worse, and his life could not be saved. A pint of liquor a day for ten years was more than his liver could endure.

Although cirrhosis of the liver and the types of jaundice just enumerated constitute the great majority of liver disorders, some of the more unusual kinds of liver disease should be mentioned for the sake of completing this record. The liver, like other organs, can be invaded by pus-forming germs and become abscessed. Generally speaking, these boils or abscesses are secondary to infections such as appendicitis or inflammations of the pelvic organs. In some cases other parasites, such as those of amebic dysentery, have been known to invade the liver and cause abscess formation. Tumors of various sorts can originate within the liver, as in other organs, but they are rare.

IV

Today, thanks to recent progress, the outlook in many cases of liver disease is better than ever. Even the chronic imbibor whose eyes are jaundiced and whose stomach is bloated can often be restored to health by some of the newer techniques of therapy. Here, for contrast with the case of the bartender just cited, is another, which might be titled "*The Case of the Happy Bartender*." This man was forty-four years old; he entered the hospital because his feet and abdomen were swollen. He had been in the habit of drinking one or two pints of whisky a day for several years. Six months

before coming to the hospital he first noted that something was wrong with his health; he was troubled with nausea and vomiting. Later his feet and abdomen began to swell. At the hospital, a diagnosis of cirrhosis of the liver was confirmed by tests.

In order to give the newer methods of treatment a thorough trial, this patient was first started on the usual forms of medication in an effort to learn what response he would make to them. He was given large doses of glucose by vein. His diet was liberal in proteins and low in harmful fats. Yet, in spite of three months of the usual methods of therapy, there was no clinical improvement in his condition. Then he was started on some of the newer medicines.

A remarkable change took place. Within a few days his appetite improved and, at the end of two weeks, there was a noticeable decrease in the size of his abdomen, indicating that much of the fluid that had made him bloated had disappeared. Within three months the size of his liver returned to normal and he was again well. Three months of treatment with the newer medicines, choline and cystine, had accomplished a cure.

The use of choline and cystine in the treatment of cirrhosis of the liver promises to give many a chronic alcoholic a reprieve from what would ordinarily be a death sentence. The application of these chemicals to medical therapy evolved from innumerable animal experiments. It had been known for some time that certain

chemicals could injure the liver and even cause death. Research in animals had therefore centered around the problem of finding the exact causation of liver injury and finding precise ways of preventing it. It was known, too, that a diet rich in fats hurt the liver whereas proteins and carbohydrates were helpful.

Further experimentation disclosed that the "fatty infiltration" of the liver, seen so commonly in liver disease, was not due so much to fat as it was to a deficiency of casein in the diet. Casein, in some way, prevented the liver cells from being choked off by fat. If the animals were given enough casein, liver injury could often be prevented or even cured. Additional tests showed that it was a certain chemical, methionine, in the casein (cheese) that was largely, if not wholly, responsible for the protective action of this foodstuff. Later, scientists discovered that some chemicals related to methionine, notably cystine and choline, were equally effective.

Of course, it cannot be expected that every patient with so-called alcoholic cirrhosis will respond to treatment. Some of them get to the hospital in too advanced a stage of the disease. In some the liver has scarred up (cirrhosis means "scarring") to such an extent that it is hard and shrunken. If the liver cells are merely injured, it may be possible to restore them to life by appropriate therapy. But if the liver cells are dead and have been replaced by scar tissue, nothing can renew their existence. In most

cases, the patient has a better chance for recovery when the liver is large.

Medicine of course concerns itself with the prevention of disease as well as with its treatment. This is particularly true in liver disorders. The first step in prevention lies in the diet. "It is now known," says Dr. Sidney A. Portis, "that any chronically deficient diet may eventually lead to liver disease." In this category is the chronic alcoholic who drinks, loses his appetite, but keeps right on drinking. In this category, too, may be those persons whose desire to lose weight leads them to rob their diet of carbohydrates. If the dietary carbohydrate intake is inadequate, body fat is used abnormally, and "fatty cirrhosis" of the liver may occur. Obviously, then, the first step to liver health is to eat wisely. The second is never to neglect gall-bladder symptoms. Gallstones can block the bile passages and thus set the stage for eventual liver damage.

Of course, symptoms such as nausea, vomiting and indigestion may indicate some impairment of the liver even before the classical symptoms of jaundice make their appearance. "Although much remains to be learned," says one recent medical writer, "significant information has been forthcoming concerning the pathogenesis, prevention and treatment of such conditions as cirrhosis, and the optimal means of protecting the liver or improving the function of the already damaged organ." Doctors can now hope that "liver deaths" will soon have become a medical rarity.

NOTES ON BRITISH SLANG

BY JOHN R. JOHNS

SLANG in the British Isles has color, verve and, to an American, incomprehensibility. It differs as sharply from the King's English as Brooklynese from the speech of Harvard Square. Thanks to H. L. Mencken, to the English cinema and to the ubiquitous British novelists, the average American knows that English "braces" are American "suspenders," "cuttings" are "clippings," and "bowlers" are "derbies" — to single out a few of many diversities between English English and American English. But little attention has been paid to the far more striking dissimilarities between the colloquialisms used on each side of the Atlantic.

After a search through several major dictionaries had failed to produce adequate definitions of some of the more intriguing of these expressions, I prepared a thumbnail guide to English slang as it is heard in the pubs, theatres and railways (not railroads).

Take the piquant phrase, "poodle-faking." Thousands of Americans have been baffled on hearing their English

cousins say, "I'm going poodle-faking tonight." Eventually they discover that the Englishmen mean they "have a heavy date for the evening."

In pubs one often hears: "It's your turn to push the boat out." This is simply a graphic way of stating, "It's your turn to buy the drinks." Visits to several pubs comprise "a pub crawl." If drunkenness results from the excursion, the English have a number of apropos phrases on tap. "He's had one over the eight" implies that someone is slightly drunk, eight beers apparently being considered the limit for sobriety. "Squiffy" is employed for someone "rather" tight. A person who's really drunk is said to be "half-seas over."

When an Englishman wants to say "no" and be rude about it, he frequently resorts to the pithy "The answer is a lemon." If he is out of temper and wishes to tell someone to "shut up," he might say, "Put a sock in it," a short expression for "Shove a sock in your mouth." If he wants to be nasty, he might well come out

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with, "Go fry your face and play with the gravy."

If a fight breaks out over this — or any other cause — the shout, "Give him a four penny one" is apt to ring out. It means "Give him a good wallop." "Hit him a crump" says much the same thing. A participant in the battle who gets a black eye is said to have "been at an Irishman's wedding."

"Like a fly in the bottle" is the English version of our popular "like a chicken without a head." "Why did he get the push?" conveys the same interrogatory idea as our "Why was he fired?" So do "Why was he sacked?" and "Why did he get the Irishman's promotion?" "They turned him out" means "They threw him out." "To knock you up" is the slangy English manner of saying, "To wake you up." "Knocked up" also means "dead-tired" in the same sense as our "knocked out."

"I'll come poodling down" signifies "I'll come wandering down." "I'll tootle down" is largely synonymous. "To muck about town" indicates a plan to roam about town. "To pinch," of course, is to steal; and "browned off" is to be angry with disappointment. Both of these expressions won widespread popularity among GIs serving in England during the war. "To diddle," however, bears no connection with our American usage; in England it can be interpreted as "to swindle out of a small sum."

The actor who announces, "I want

to get my screw" is declaring in theatrical parlance that he wants to get his salary. A "clever dick" is not a term of approbation for a detective. It's a disparaging description of a "smart aleck." A detective is dubbed "a split." "A bad hat" is employed chiefly in rural areas to mean a rascal, just as here we say, "a bad egg." "Turn off the gas" is a peremptory request to "stop boasting." A big blunder is "a howler."

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A Britisher regarded as too argumentative is characterized in three ways: "He can argue a dog's tail off," they say, or "He can argue a donkey's hind leg off"; to be especially pointed, they assert, "He can argue the leg off an iron pot." A man who talks very fast, according to the English, "talks nineteen to the dozen." Occasionally they raise the ante and declare that someone "talks forty to the dozen."

"Go boil your head" means "Don't be silly." The statement, "I'll catch you up" does not signify a desire to "trip you up"; it can be translated "I'll catch up with you." The Englishman who says he'll "fetch up with you in the street" is planning to stop you in the street. "That will be nine pence" is an informal remark widely utilized in England for replying to "Thank you." It means "Forget it" or "That's nothing at all."

"Lashings" of something means a great deal of it. To laud an individual or a thing, the English aver he or it "is perfectly wizard." For the acme of perfection, though, the English re-



serve the phrase, "the bee's knees." They are less exuberant, however, when something does not suit them. Then they say mildly, "It's not my cup of tea." A person who is sulky for no evident reason is said to be "cross with the dogs in the street."

"Come a cropper" is a phrase synonymous with running into trouble or making a mistake; it is so used in Boston. But even at Harvard the collegiate body has not as yet caught on to the English phrase for "cramming for an exam." Students on John Bull's island say, "I'm swotting for an exam" or "I'm swotting up chemistry." If they fail a course, they say they have "plowed" it.

At Oxford a wastepaper basket is known as a "wagger-pagger-bagger." The English magazine, the *New Statesman and Nation*, is nicknamed "Naggers and Jaggers." Jesus College there popularly goes under the alias of "Jaggers."

All over England, "ruddy" is well known as a disparaging adjective. So is "bloke" as a synonym for "chap" or "fellow." "Blinking" is a polite form of "bloody," the roughest of England's uncomplimentary words. An Englishman who wishes to be very positive will exclaim, "Abso-bloody-lutely!"

Other English expressions which are interesting include "blimey O'Riley," used much as we use "gosh" or "golly." "Good show" is a term of approval in the style of our "nice going." "A wonderful party" and "a

regular beano" are English phrases for describing something grand and important, such as, for instance, the D-Day invasion.

"Mack" is short for a mackintosh, as the English call a raincoat after its inventor. "I wouldn't be seen dead in a ten acre field with it" is the undemonstrative English method for evincing extreme distaste. "I wouldn't touch it with a barge pole" equals our more specific "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole." "Blackleg" is British union language for American labor's "scab." An old English woman garbed in too young a fashion is described as "mutton dressed as lamb." She's called "a baby farmer" if she's what Americans call a "cradle snatcher."

It should be noted that certain English colloquialisms that Hollywood always counts on to identify English characters have actually gone out of circulation. "By Jove" is about dead and so are "old bean," "zounds" and "chin up." "Adjective jerker" as a description for a journalist has also, fortunately or unfortunately, become obsolete.

On the other hand, the war produced some new expressions. The British Army gave us two especially colorful terms. "A scrimshanker" is Tommy-talk for our own "goldbrick." "Bumf" is a somewhat vulgar appellation for military red tape.

The RAF came through with "stooge around" for wander aimlessly. A person making an outrageous

statement was said to be "shooting a line." A tall story was designated "Scotch mist." Throughout the war, the RAF itself was generally known as the "Brylcream Boys," Brylcream being a patented hair lotion used for slicking down manly tresses.

Always confusing to Americans in England is the distinction drawn between "bathing" pronounced "bahth-ing" and "bathing" pronounced "baything." The former means to take a bath, the latter means swimming. "Great toe" is what they call our big toe. Someone ill is said to be "poorly." "Next door but one" is the English manner of describing a place two houses away. In telling time, they customarily say "five and twenty past ten" rather than our "twenty-five past

ten"; they never use "after" or "of." A "turf accountant" is the polite English way of speaking of a "bookie."

The British frequently add "ish" to many words, as in "Come at five-ish" or "The dinner was good-ish." They even say, "The movie was ish." This can be translated as "so-so."

Perhaps the most familiar of all English expressions is "You can't miss it." Whenever an English "bobby" or civilian gives street directions, he inevitably ends with "You can't miss it." To every GI in England that phrase came to be the British national motto.

Women must pay a penny to use public lavatories in England; hence, "I want to spend a penny." There is no charge for men.



## HOMING

BY JOHN ROBERT QUINN

In single file, the waddling geese,  
Pushing the evening to one side,  
Head for the barnyard where their world  
Begins and ends, where peace is wide.

And so it is with wending cows  
That merge, instinctive as a stream,  
Into that larger river, night,  
That empties into one vast dream.

Like geese and cows, all men at dusk  
Put off until another day  
Their search for the bright unknown, intent  
On getting home for the last long stay.

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## THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS

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*That sleepwalkers will come to no harm unless they are awakened while walking in their sleep*

Primitive peoples believe that a man's soul may wander away from him while he is asleep and that if he is awakened too suddenly his soul might not have time to get back to him and hence he would fall sick. They are, therefore, careful to awaken a sleeper gradually so that his spirit will have plenty of time to get back into him. (See Sir James Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, N. Y.: Macmillan, 1923, p. 182.)

The civilized belief about sleepwalkers seeks to justify itself by saying that if the sleeper were suddenly awakened and made conscious of his danger (sleepwalkers, in popular mythology, confine their perambulations exclusively to ridgepoles, cornices and

high girders) he might start with terror and hence fall. As long as he is asleep, however, he is surefooted and will pace with ease and security among dangers which, awake, he would be terrified to look upon.

Mark Twain (*Life on the Mississippi*, Chapter XI) tells of a somnambulist pilot who steered a huge New Orleans packet through a dangerous stretch of river while he was sound asleep.

Somnambulism is an indication of serious character disturbance and sleepwalkers have done serious injury to themselves and others. See a report by Lt. Col. Samuel A. Sandler in *Mental Hygiene*, June 1945.

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### *That pigs can't swim*

There is a strange and widespread delusion that if pigs try to swim they cut their throats with their forefeet. Some simply claim that they can't

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swim at all. Possibly it's based on the Biblical story of the Gadarene swine that ran down a steep place into the sea and were drowned. But they had devils in them. Pigs without devils can swim very well. They seem to enjoy it. Bill Reneker, chief hog buyer for Swift and Company, maintains that a hog *can't* drown: "Layers of fat buoy it up," he insists.

~~~~~

*That man is the most complex
and highly-developed of the
animals*

"High" and "low" development are really meaningless terms in biology. The religious used formerly to postulate a "scale of being" extending from "creeping things" up through man to the angels and on up to God. The common man today would be pretty dubious about the angels but he has no doubt whatever about an ascending scale of development which begins with the single-celled plants and animals and terminates, almost breathless with awe, in himself.

If the single-celled creatures were so imperfect as to need these reassurances or so sick as to be conscious, they might reply that *they* were the highest form of life and all subsequent developments degenerations. For, after all, the single cell is capable of all biologic functions and, under favorable conditions, is immortal.

The insects would laugh at man's pretensions. The entire development of the vertebrates has been at the most only an incident in their career.

They were here millions of years before us, they outnumber us by countless billions, they have solved a dozen problems that baffle us, and, to all intents and purposes, it is still their world.

Even among the mammals man cannot claim to be highly developed. He is, indeed, the most primitive, structurally, of them all. The whale's flipper, the horse's hoof, and the bat's wing are all highly developed forms of the structure that appears in its primitive form in man's hand. A considerable element of man's strength, indeed, lies in his lack of development. It was no virtue in him not to develop. It all happened by accident. But by remaining primitive he has been prevented from being caught in any biologic blind alley.

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*That winters used to be much  
colder than they are now*

Such statistics as are available do not bear this out; anything else is the merest guesswork. That they were colder is not claimed as much now as it used to be, possibly because even the older people now living were brought up, for the most part, in heated houses.

Almost all of the very old of a generation ago had spent their childhood in houses that depended entirely for their heat on the fireplace and the kitchen stove. Bedrooms and hallways were unheated and varied little from the temperature of the outdoors. Toilets were out of doors, usu-

ally some distance from the house, unheated and perforce of a construction that insured a steady draft. Beds were made endurable in winter by first being warmed with warming pans or with heated soapstones or flatirons wrapped in newspapers.

Under these circumstances people were cold and miserable much of the time and their strength to endure the cold was probably lessened by the absence of fresh foods from their diet during the winter and spring. No wonder that the later winters of their lives, spent in the heated houses and apartments of their children and grandchildren, or in Florida or California, seemed warm by comparison. And they would have been more than human had they not exalted the inescapable miseries of their early years into marvels of fortitude.

~ ~ ~

*That people in cataleptic trances  
have been taken for dead and  
buried alive*

The fear of being buried alive is well-nigh universal and, of course, doesn't lack for support in popular lore. The Romans so dreaded premature interment that the final rites were not performed until the eighth day. The Turks had an equal horror of this possibility and made the contractility of the sphincter ani the crucial test. Gould and Pyle, in their *Anomalies of Medicine*, say that there are many cases on record of persons having been buried alive. Fontenelle records forty-six buried-alive cases.

Since it is not customary to dig up corpses to see whether they have shown any signs of vitality since their interment, popular fancy has had to be active to create situations which would be self-revealing. Of these the most common and the most gruesome is the story of the grave robber who, on attempting to remove a valuable ring from a newly-buried corpse, finds his wrist seized by the reviving departed.

Pseudo-skeptics have sought to explain the resurrection of Lazarus as an awakening from a cataleptic trance, but the Bible blocks any such half-hearted doubts by stating that in Lazarus' case decomposition had noticeably set in.

Most of the stories state that upon exhumation a body shows every sign of having struggled desperately to free itself from the coffin and the grave. Of course, such a thing may have happened but it is extremely unlikely—despite Poe. Even if by chance a living person in a cataleptic trance were buried alive—and it would have to be under most unusual circumstances, for the failure, after the usual period of waiting, of any of the normal signs of decomposition to manifest themselves would surely arouse suspicion—there would be little likelihood of his regaining consciousness once buried.

Finally, it must have all happened in the past. Modern methods of preparing a body for burial would certainly ensure death if it had not already taken place.

*That a sufferer from shingles  
will die if the shingles com-  
pletely encircle his body*

Herpes or shingles (from the Latin *cingulum*, a girdle) are thought to be caused by the action of some filterable virus on the nerves, most commonly on the intercostal nerves that follow the course of the ribs. They are usually limited strictly to one side of the body. From the time of Pliny on it has been believed that if they "encircled" the body — *i.e.*, if the patient had the infection simultaneously in two opposing intercostal nerves — the patient would die.

The complete encirclement of a patient's body by shingles is rare but not fatal. The disease, though not serious, happens to be one of the most painful of all to which the flesh is heir and there can certainly be no doubt that anyone with a double dose would *wish* that he were dead.

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*That it is dangerous to have
plants in the bedroom at night*

Plants do, indeed, give off carbon dioxide when they are not in sunlight but it is such a slight amount, compared to the quantity that a human being, for example, gives off, that it would make no appreciable difference if a room were crammed with plants and flowers.

This must be quite a recent vulgar error, as the knowledge that plants give off carbon dioxide can hardly have reached the general public more than a generation or two ago.

*That a tan is an indication of
health*

Manufacturers of violet-ray lamps, the tourist industry, the cosmetic industry, movie magazines, Florida, Southern California and most ads which try to sell luxuries, which is to say most ads, have combined, perhaps unintentionally, to convince the common man and commoner woman that a tan is an indication of health.

Actually a tan is an indication that the body has increased the pigment in the skin in order to screen out violet rays. Only that and nothing more. Before tans became fashionable they were an indication that their possessors had spent a great deal of time in the sun — for it is only recently that people have *tried* to become tanned — and such a person was, on the whole, more likely to be healthy than one who had not been out in the sun. But at the best it was only a concomitant of health.

Now that tans are fashionable, however, they are not necessarily even a concomitant of health or even an indication that their possessors have been out in the sun for more than a few hours and those, perhaps, more harmful than healthy hours. Or they may merely suggest that their possessors have been under a sun lamp or into the beauty shop.

The modern preference for a swarthy skin is an amusing reversal of snobbery. With our grandmothers nothing was *more dreaded* than a tan. For in those days the bulk of those who worked for a living worked out of

doors and were tanned and therefore to be tanned was to be unladylike since it was to be like those who worked.

When a child with rickets is being treated with sunshine the doctor tries to *prevent* a tan, as the pigment serves to exclude the violet rays that are desired.



That night air is unwholesome

The passing of this belief marks the end of one of the oldest of human errors. In malarial countries the night air *is* unwholesome, not because it is bad (mal-aria) but because it supports the anopheles mosquito. The real nature of the danger has been perceived only in this century but that in no way lessens the reality of the danger.

Our fathers sought to explain the badness of night air by a number of theories of which the chief was that it was "unpurged" by the heat of the sun. Later urban theoreticians, such as Dr. Armstrong who published a poem on *The Art of Preserving Health* in the eighteenth century, believed that city air was "fumigated" during the day by the sulphur in coal smoke.



That there are true human hermaphrodites

Almost every American village has its prurient whisperings about some local "morphodite," though cases of true hermaphroditism — the possession of the fully-developed organs of

both sexes by one individual — are almost unknown. The anatomical difficulties almost preclude the possibility.

The stories find their support in certain ambiguous creatures in whom the vestigial organs of the opposite sex, which we all carry, have had an unusual development. Bearded ladies are a feature of every circus and full breasted men have certainly existed and been photographed. In a society like ours, in which the male enjoys a more favored position than the female, it is only natural that many masculine-seeming women should pose as men. Some of them — probably the dominant member of a Lesbian union — have even gone through the marriage ceremony and lived for years as "husbands." The most famous of these men-women still, probably, remains Hannah Snell who in 1745 (before the days of pre-induction examinations) enlisted in the English Army. She deserted, entered the Navy, and served as a sailor for several years. She was wounded at the siege of Pondicherry and, even though her true sex had become known, was awarded a pension and became an out-pensioner of Chelsea hospital. During her military career she was several times on the verge of being married.

Village legends of hermaphroditism are further supported by those occasional — but not too uncommon — instances in which some anatomical peculiarity has concealed an individual's true sex. Thus there was the

famous Marie Germane, examined by Pare and Montaigne, whose male organs had apparently been retained in the body cavity until an unusual exertion in late adolescence suddenly liberated them. Pare said she had leaped a ditch while "earnestly pursuing hogges" and Montaigne said she was playing leapfrog. Both agreed, however, that she went up a maid and came down a man.

It took the authority of a cardinal to get her change of sex officially recognized and she was regarded as one of the wonders of the age.



That frostbitten parts of the body should be rubbed with snow

"Few things could be more absurd," says Stefansson, than the belief that frostbitten parts should be rubbed with snow. Ignorant travelers, he says, have frozen their entire faces by mistakenly massaging them with snow that was 40° below zero. "All you have to do," declares this commonsensical survivor of half a dozen Arctic winters, "is to take your warm hand out of your mitten and press it on the frozen spot for a moment until the whiteness and stiffness are gone." This, of course, lacks the mystery of treating like with like and it is so sensible as to be almost silly, but it has the advantage of leaving you in possession of your nose and ears.

A companion belief is that it is fatal to sit down and sleep if one is lost in a blizzard. Jack London and kindred writers stress the necessity of

stumbling on at all costs and fighting off by sheer exertion the fatal yearning for sleep.

Stefansson says that this illusion has probably caused dozens of deaths. Under its influence men lost in blizzards have wandered on and on until, utterly exhausted and their powers of resistance dissipated, they have collapsed and frozen to death. Stefansson recommends what he says is the procedure of the more intelligent Eskimos — namely, that you find as sheltered a spot as you can and sleep as much as you can, thus conserving your strength and body heat.



That sexual continence — and incontinence — are injurious to health

Complete sexual continence may be injurious to mental health, if the continent person chooses to worry about it. But there is no evidence that complete continence has any deleterious physical effects whatever. Priests and nuns are probably, on the whole, because of their regular lives, more healthy than the average.

On the other hand, sexual activity in excess of the normal does not seem harmful to those capable of it. The great debauchees of history lived to ripe old age. Catherine the Great died at 67 and Casanova at 73.

Mere men, by the way, may be comforted by Casanova's assurance that his remarkable powers declined in the middle thirties and were completely gone by the late forties.

That a clean tooth never decays

That a clean tooth never decays is a fallacy that passed into the popular mind as the result of an intensive advertising campaign for a certain dentifrice. It is fallacious for two reasons: the health of a tooth does not depend wholly upon the condition of its surface but on the diet and general health of the body; and it is impossible to get any tooth, still in its owner's head, clean in the sense that the advertisement means — *i.e.*, surgically clean or completely free from bacteria.

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*That China and India are the most densely populated countries in the world*

This is taken for granted by the yellow press that screams against "the Yellow Peril," the "Asiatic hordes" and the "teeming millions" of the Orient. Yet Belgium and England are more densely populated than China, Europe more than Asia.

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That sufferers from hydrophobia bark like dogs, seek to bite those near them and go into convulsions at the sight of water

The intense suffering involved in hydrophobia and — before Pasteur — the invariably fatal termination justly made it an object of universal horror. Such an attitude would naturally encourage the growth of error and this

growth would be further encouraged by the rarity of the disease. Few doctors have ever seen a case of rabies or even known anyone who has.

The disease attacks the throat, causing swelling and painful spasms. Swallowing is impossible, thirst is dreadful, and the sight of the patient trying to swallow the passionately-desired water and undergoing spasms in the futile effort led someone to the erroneous conclusion that there was a mysterious *fear* of water. This error became enshrined in the Latin name for the affliction.

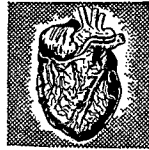
The common man has been trained to believe anything if it is only put into Latin, the language of the masters, the priests, the prophets. Hence he took the name *hydrophobia* as a gospel-text description and had no difficulty whatever in seeing what it led him to expect to see, or at least in saying that others had so seen. He further elaborated the horror by believing that the sufferer acted like a dog. And even here there was a slight confusion between a mad dog, in the sense of an angry, aggressive dog, and a rabid dog.

Further confusion and vague terror are added by the belief that dogs are particularly subject to rabies when Sirius, the dog star, is bright in the sky. Yet the star was so called simply because the Greeks thought that a constellation of which it was a part had the shape of a dog.

Your Heart

is a wonder-

fully dependable organ.



It beats

about 100,000 times a day, yet rarely

fails before old age



unless it has

been abused, or weakened by disease.

The commonest abuses are *overweight*

and *excessive exertion*,



especially

after age 40.

Fear of heart ailments is often

groundless, so if you are worried about

your heart—see a doctor! Even
with a weakened heart you can usually
lead *a happy, useful life!*



Medical science is on the march against heart disease

Heart ailments account for almost one third of all deaths in this country. They are caused chiefly by rheumatic fever, high blood pressure, kidney diseases, syphilis, and hardening of the arteries—especially those supplying the heart itself. Early discovery and prompt treatment of these diseases are most important in reducing the danger of serious heart damage.

Medical science is giving increased attention to studies of the heart. Notable advances have already been scored. New drugs and new techniques are opening up more avenues of investigation. Many organizations encourage this great work. For example, the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies in the U. S. and Canada, makes grants for special studies in heart disease.

What should you do for your heart?

Have a thorough physical examination every year. Take great care during convalescence from any infection. If you *should* develop heart disease, follow your physician's advice about proper rest, exercise, and diet, as well as about special drugs and medicines. To learn more about the heart, and the diseases that affect it, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 27-L, "Your Heart."

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE THEATRE

by *GEORGE JEAN NATHAN*



A VIEW OF MUSICAL COMEDY

REVIEWING the musical comedies at the Gaiety all of thirty-seven years ago, the matchless Max Beerbohm had this to say:

One reason why the place is irresistible is that nowhere else do we feel that we are so far away, and so harmlessly and elegantly far away, from the realities of life. We are translated into a sphere where the dwellers have nothing whatever to think about, and would be incapable of thought if there were need for it. All the people (except the ladies of the chorus, whose languor is part of the fun) are in the highest spirits, with no chance of a re-action. . . . Every one wants every one else to have a good time, and tries to make everything easy and simple all around. This good time, as I need hardly say, is of a wholly sexual order. And yet every one, from the highest to the lowest, is thoroughly "good." The most attractive of the men do no harm to the ladies who love them at first sight. Not less instantaneous than theirs are the conquests made by the most unattractive men. A homuncule, made up to look as absurd as possible, has only to come by and wink at the bevy of lovely ladies to whom he is a perfect stranger, when behold! their arms are about his neck, their eyes devour him, they languish and coo over him. . . .

The master's words are as apt now as they were when he wrote them. And in them — which is the apology for quoting them at length — is to be found the best answer to those present critics who are forever deploring the books of musical comedies and urging upon them a greater measure of sense and wisdom. If anything would ruin musical comedy it would be such sensible books. Only a donkey would seek and demand intelligence on such occasions. Sense and intelligence are desiderata of drama. Musical comedy is best when it abjures them and substitutes for them absurd fancy and all the wonderful illogic of a wonderful world that never was. The best show of the kind, in brief, is that one in which the people, like Topsy, were not born but just grew, and whose growth, furthermore, is stunted by mindlessness, giddiness and irresponsibility.

That no one thinks in musical comedy and would be incapable of thought if there were need for it, as Beerbohm observed, is its prime asset. There can be no romance where

even one party to it brings his brain cells into action, and the best musical comedy authors wisely appreciate the fact. Romance is a tacit agreement by both parties not for a moment to analyze and think away their feelings. Even a touch of wit is perilous. If you will forgive me for quoting from myself — "I like to quote from myself," says Bernard Shaw; "it adds spice to the conversation" — I repeat a few lines from a little book published some thirty years ago:

It was moonlight in the courtyard where languished among the flowers a lover and his mistress. The lover, presently, and for the first time since he had known his fair lady, felt Wit flying close to his lips. The little god of Love who had dwelt with the lovers in the courtyard since first they had come there, sensing the flutter of the intruder's wings, took to his heels and slid between the bars of the great bronze gate into a neighboring garden.

II

The critical insistence upon books that lean to some intelligence and realism has done much to debilitate musical comedy. Posturing a hostility to sentiment, the young critics currently in extensive practice have sought through manly sneers to exorcise it from the medium of entertainment and to replace it with elements generally described as hard-boiled. Their latest complaint is against even one of the two finest of American musical comedies, *Show Boat*. It seems, as I observed at the time, that the love story of the wistful Magnolia and the handsome Ravenal is too full

of the moonlight of the heart for them. What, I inquired, do they desire in shows whose very essence is necessarily sentimental romance? The story of a garbage collector and a female chiropodist?

Such critics do not want musical comedy, but bastard drama embroidered with tunes. They do not want a beautiful stage world aglow with starlight and impossible dreams but one that theatrically resembles the yak, with the head of an ox, the tail of a horse, and the squeal of a pig. They want, in short, not a holiday from prosaicism but a return to it, the fools.

There is, of course, no accounting for tastes, as the man licking his chops over a frankfurter cynically observed of one eating a *châteaubriand papillote*. But, speaking for myself, when I go to a musical comedy I go in the hope of seeing something that will remove me from the grim world about me and not remind me of it with the spectacle of a black marketeer kicking a prostitute in the promontory the while her frowzy mother stands at the footlights and howls a song called "My Daughter Maybe Ain't No Lady, But Oh Boy She Brings Home the Dough." Somehow, eccentric as I am, I seem to prefer things like *The Merry Widow*, or *The Arcadians*, or *Music in the Air*.

It isn't that I am sentimental. Pretty far from it. But I nevertheless will give you all the songs like "You Can't Get a Man with a Gun" in *Annie Get Your Gun* ("You can't

shoot a male in the tail like a quail") for one like "Egern on the Tegernsee" from the above-mentioned *Music in the Air*, and all those like "Nuts," with their back-fence lyrics, in all the *Duchesses Misbehave* for even half a one like *Show Boat's* "Make Believe." Not that I don't relish lyric comedy; I am a pushover for it, provided only it has the consideration to amuse me. But somehow I don't seem to find much amusement in vulgarity for vulgarity's sake. Nor is it, to continue the confidential autobiography, that I shrink, like a dollar shirt, from vulgarity. Honest vulgarity is also all right with me, but it has to be honest and not forcedly hothouse grown for huckster purposes. The simple vulgarity of some such song as "Dar's No Coon Warm Enough for Me" or "Shake That Thing" is down my alley. But the manufactured sort in such musical comedy numbers as "Katie Did in Madrid" or "Doin' What Comes Natch'llly" leaves me cold.

III

The best musical comedies and even comic operas and operettas, to return to our theme, are those in which sense is reduced to a minimum, the worst those which aim at some rationality. It is significant that, when *Arms and the Man* was converted into *The Chocolate Soldier*, the elimination of some of Shaw's most pointed observations and speeches helped it enormously. Imagine, if you can, a series of musical exhibits similarly derived from Shaw's plays in which the

Shavian mind was permitted to exercise itself free from interference. Not even half a dozen Oscar Strauses operating on each simultaneously could triumph over them, save possibly in the case of music lovers with the virtuosity to fix their attention so completely on the music that they would not hear the words.

The great charm of *Die Fledermaus*, aside from the Johann Strauss music, lies in the complete nonsensicality of its story, which invites the auditor to such a suspension of common sense that he sees nothing unusual in what is perhaps the most supremely idiotic ball scene plot ever shown on the stage. The delight of some such musical comedy as the current *Carousel*, apart from Rodgers' tunes, lies equally in a hero and heroine so devoid of the rudiments of intelligence and in subsidiary characters so ignorant that nothing interferes in the least with their persuasive communication of otherwise unbelievable emotions. The device of daftly transplanting Molnár's original characters from Hungary to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, further helps matters considerably. Since you thus don't believe anything to start with, whatever happens becomes paradoxically the more acceptable. If so many as even one of the characters stopped sighing over love or reveling in clambakes for so long as a minute and offered evidence of a mentality developed to the point where he or she didn't believe that every one of June's thirty days had been gloriously sunny since the world

began — if so many as even one did any such thing, the show would miss a lot of its present pleasure and would probably make eight thousand dollars a week less, or maybe ten.

Topical and satirical musical shows like the meritorious *Of Thee I Sing* beside the argument, it accordingly holds that the most that good musical comedy may permissibly do is to hint occasionally at sense and then sensibly forget it. The bad one is most often found to be that one which tells or tries to tell its story with a reasonable approach to life and actuality. Life and actuality, unfortunately, are not veined with music, and music can only make their stage approximation that much more ridiculous.

The trouble, in short, is not, as the critics maintain, so much that musical comedy books are silly but rather that too frequently they are not silly enough. What we need in musical comedy is less the contemporary attempt to present us with fairly recognizable and slightly foolish characters than wholly unrecognizable and completely foolish ones as in the gala old musical comedies and operettas, the sort that Beerbohm wrote about and that his father before him would doubtless also have written about if he had enjoyed his son's profession. What we need and crave are shows as handsomely preposterous as *Wang* and *Panjandrum* and the kind that George Edwardes used to put on at Max's Gaiety, not the current solemn species in which a man and woman who violently love each other decline

to go to bed together and keep the audience out of its for three-quarters of an hour longer than is either desirable or necessary. What we want, despite the academic critics, is a return of the oldtime enchanting absurdity, the oldtime refusal to reflect life and reality in any degree, the oldtime razzle and dazzle of the unreal and the incredible.

IV

Close your eyes and think back and have yourself a time. Think back to the happy, innocent musical comedy days of *The Isle of Champagne* where all was Pol Roger instead of water and where Tom Seabrooke found a half dozen beautiful girls under every palm tree, all of them crazy about him. Or of *El Capitan* — I think it was *El Capitan*, though it may have been *The Bride Elect* — with Sousa's brass band in tons of gold braid gladdening the lovers' honeymoon no end by descending upon their love nest and booming out military marches before breakfast. Or *The Monks of Malabar* with Francis Wilson doomed to be executed at the stroke of twelve for the heinous crime of pinching the cheek of Hallen Mostyn's girl, Madge Lessing, itchily waiting for the clock to strike, slowly counting off the strikes, and relieved to hear that they amounted to thirteen. Or *The Belle of New York* with the poor little Salvation Army lassie becoming overnight the social arbiter of the then tony and exclusive Narragansett. Or *The Sunshine Girl* at Max's beloved Gaiety in

which the parting of the lovers at the end of the second act was brought about by the horrible discovery by the hero that the beautiful heroine's millionaire father had odiously made his money out of soap.

And in the comic operas and operettas, permit yourself a wistful sigh over the nepenthe of a *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief* with the poet Cervantes becoming a brigand dressed as a waiter and persuading the King of Portugal, while serving His Highness an empty ale mug and while His Highness gurgled his satisfaction over the non-existent beverage, that the Queen was innocent of any lascivious intentions toward him, and loved the royal pot-hoister despite appearances. Or *The Fencing Master* (recall Marie Tempest, then so pert and *frou-frou*), with Marie brought up as a boy (and with that figure!) and completely deceiving the sporty Fortunio, rightful heir to the throne of Milan, the damn fool, as to her sex. Or *Martha*, with Lady Harriet, wearying of high life at the court of Queen Anne, disguising herself as a servant girl in search of a job and falling in love with a country bumpkin who turns out to be the only son of the Earl of Derby. Or *Madeleine*, in which a slightly tired bachelor who has attained the age of one hundred years can lose twenty-five of them if one girl kisses him, another twenty-five if a second does, still an-

other twenty-five if, without solicitation, a third does and, presumably, though the plot cruelly seemed to stop there, yet another ten, reducing his age to fifteen, if a fourth cutie deigned to tickle his nose.

What nowadays do we get in place of such opium? In an *Are You With It?* an insurance actuary who makes a mistake in bookkeeping and in shame joins a sandlot carnival the romantic aspect of which is realistically registered by a fat colored woman, a brash stripteaser, and a couple of dwarfs, all given to the screeching of juke-box tunes. In a *Billion Dollar Baby* a gold-digger encouraged by her grafting mother to inflame the libido of a concupiscent old mug and get what money she can out of him. In a *The Duchess Misbehaves* a fashionable married female who poses in the nude for a department store janitor and who, when the painting is finished, spends the rest of the evening singing smutty songs the while she lifts her skirts above her navel. In a *Bloomer Girl* a boiler-house argument for women's rights. In a *Sadie Thompson* a prostitute who so overstimulates the lust of a quondam minister of the gospel that in remorse he commits suicide. In *A Lady Says Yes* a hussy who goes on the miscellaneous make, and makes it. And so on. Me, I'll take the old sentimental shows, however imbecile and lacking in sense.



PRIVATE FLYING COSTS TOO MUCH

BY CLYDE MITCHELL

OF THE many "postwar dreams" that have been oversold to the American public in the last few years, the dream of the personal airplane is the one most likely to end in disillusionment. Whereas postwar automobiles, washing machines and radios will pour out by the millions into an eager market as soon as various reconversion ills have been healed, the personal airplane for the average American is nowhere in sight. Unless tremendous advances are made by the aircraft industry, ownership of airplanes will be restricted for many years to sportsmen in the \$10,000-and-up income bracket.

Entirely too much has been written about the pleasures of private flying and its ease and safety, without mentioning its cost and inconveniences. In the pages of every magazine and newspaper private flying has been oversold, and a frank discussion of the economic factors of the personal-plane idea is long overdue.

I speak from personal experience. It costs me \$1200 per year, as shown in Table I, to operate my two-seated

airplane, one of the simplest, smallest and most economical ships made. I bought it second-hand and got a good bargain. Performing much of the repair and maintenance work myself, I keep the cost down as low as possible — yet it takes such a slice out of my salary check that I am seriously considering selling the plane. Remember, this is a \$1600 ship and depreciation and insurance costs are comparatively low. Operating costs of the higher-priced 1946 airplanes vary from \$1500 per year for the cheapest two-seater to around \$3000 for a four-seat family model.

The overhead is large, and must be incurred whether you fly or not. Expenses for fuel and the reserves for repair, inspection and overhaul will depend upon the number of hours flown. Two hundred and forty hours per year is about average; some months allow very little flying, but summer vacations will make up for this.

For my money I get about twenty hours per month of flying at eighty-one miles per hour. Thus I pay about

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six cents per mile for my transportation, which is not much higher than automobile travel, according to various surveys made before the war by the automobile-association statisticians. Salesmen who use a plane fifty to sixty hours per month on business trips report that they fly for as little as four cents per mile.

Aside from operating costs, the private flier must bear other expenses and inconveniences. The location of airports far on the outskirts of cities means long taxi or bus rides, which sometimes waste so much of the trip time that the journey might as well have been made by train or automobile. A flier who owns a car will not have this trouble at his home port naturally, but he has transporta-

tion problems at every other airport.

Airport service, with a few notable exceptions, is very bad for the private flier. We have a long way to go before we can get such efficient service at an airport as the motorist expects at a filling station. Of course, the volume of trade does not yet justify a corps of "super-service" boys swarming over the plane, filling and oiling and polishing everything in the twinkling of an eye. But one of the things that will keep that volume of trade down is the all-too-prevalent experience of cross-country pilots who spend forty minutes of precious daylight trying to find someone to unlock the gas pump and take their money. A fifteen-minute interruption in a trip for refueling should be the maximum, dur-

TABLE I

EXPENSES OF OPERATING TWO-PASSENGER 65 H.P. AERONCA

(Purchased second-hand for \$1600)

<i>Overhead:</i>	<i>Yearly</i>
Crash & liability insurance (\$190 and \$50, respectively).....	\$240
Depreciation, 12½% of purchase price.....	200
Outdoor Storage (hangar storage would be \$300)....	150
<i>Total Overhead</i>	<u>590</u>
<i>Flying Expenses:</i>	
Gas, 3¾ gals. per hour, 240 hours, 27¢ per gal.....	\$237
Oil, 5 qts. every 20 hours, 35¢ per qt.....	21
Reserve for repairs and 100-hr. inspections required by law.....	240
Reserve for complete \$300 overhaul every 600 hours	120
<i>Total Flying Expenses</i>	<u>618</u>
<i>Total</i>	<u>\$1208</u>

ing which time the pilot can pay a visit to the rest room and look at the latest weather report.

The rest rooms, incidentally, are often filthy. In fact, many of the commercial airports in this country offer far too little in the way of acceptable accommodations, either for the pilot or his plane. And as far as food is concerned — well, the flier had better take his own K-rations. Airports for private fliers which boast lunchrooms are few and far between.

II

A great inconvenience of personal planes is their slow cruising speed.

My ship cruises at eighty-one, and many times I have flown an entire day into a headwind that reduced my ground speed to fifty. Of course there are small airplanes that cruise at 125, but their price is \$4000 and up. For a long time to come, it appears, the only airplane any sizable number of private fliers will be able to afford will cruise at less than 100 miles per hour.

The private flier will be restricted to fair-weather, daylight flight: navigation and landing lights for night flying, radio and blind-flying instruments for bad weather are extra equipment, and very expensive. Even if the cost of a set of these extra items should be reduced considerably from the present level of \$500-\$800, flying at night or in "instrument weather" is definitely not recommended for planes with only one engine. The

great safety feature of the light plane is its ability to "set down" on cow pastures or golf courses at ground speeds of about thirty-five miles per hour. The pilot is always confident that no matter what happens to his little motor, he will be able to glide to a safe landing — there is always a pasture or a highway or a flat spot of some kind within reach. At night or in low-ceiling weather, however, it is a different story. Quarries, high-voltage lines, mountains, buildings — in the inky blackness of a moonless night or the murky gray of fog and cloud they are all one. Until the manufacturers give me either a plane with more than one engine, or one that can land vertically like a helicopter, I'm not flying unless I can see what I'm flying over.

We have come no nearer to the personal plane for the mass market than we were in 1939. In terms of price, we have even lost ground. Practically all of the 1946-47 models are merely refined versions of the 1938 and 1939 airplanes, at prices one-third higher. Only one manufacturer has had the courage to break the price line: he designed and built a luxurious all-metal four-passenger amphibian that would have sold for \$10,000, and then ordered his engineering staff to mass-produce it for \$4495. Through a magnificent job of design simplification, calling for one-piece metal stamping of parts formerly assembled on a tedious hand-work basis, the number of individual parts was cut from 1800 to 450, and

TABLE II

	My Aeronca	Aeronca Champion	Ercoupe	Seabee	Navion
Cost of airplane.....	(\$1600)	(\$2100)	(\$3200)	(\$4495)	(\$6200)
Number of occupants	2-pass.	2-pass.	2-pass.	4-pass.	4-pass.
Costs per 240 hours' annual flying					
Insurance.....	\$ 240	\$ 340	\$ 500	\$ 690	\$ 930
Depreciation: 12½%	200	263	400	560	775
Hangar Rent.....	150*	300	300	300	300
<i>Total Overhead....</i>	<i>\$ 590</i>	<i>\$ 903</i>	<i>\$1200</i>	<i>\$1550</i>	<i>\$2005</i>
Gas and oil.....	\$ 258	\$ 258	\$ 275	\$ 690	\$ 750
Res., repairs & insp..	240	240	240	360	360
Res., overhaul.....	120	120	120	240	240
<i>Total Flying Exp... </i>	<i>\$ 618</i>	<i>\$ 618</i>	<i>\$ 635</i>	<i>\$1290</i>	<i>\$1350</i>
<i>Total.....</i>	<i>\$1208</i>	<i>\$1521</i>	<i>\$1835</i>	<i>\$2840</i>	<i>\$3355</i>
Cruising speed, m.p.h.....	81	90	105	103	150
Cost per mile.....	6.2¢	7.0¢	7.3¢	11.3¢	9.3¢
Cost per passenger- mile.....	3.1¢	3.5¢	3.6¢	2.8¢	2.3¢
Number miles flown per year.....	19,440	21,600	25,200	24,720	36,000
*My Aeronca not hangared					

the labor-hours were similarly reduced. Even this ship, the Republic Seabee, is still beyond the average American income.

Two typical new planes on the 1946 market are the Ercoupe and the Navion. The former is a two-seater, all-metal (except for fabric wing covering), non-spinnable plane that cruises slightly over 100 miles per hour. Its tricycle landing gear and simplified fool-proof controls have made it possible for hundreds of ordinary

citizens to become pilots in jig-time — most can fly it solo after less than five hours' instruction. It might well become the flivver of the future except for its price: \$3200, delivered with radio receiver and standard instruments for fair-weather flight.

The Navion is the civilian baby-brother of the famous North American Mustang fighter. It is made completely of metal, and carries four passengers at 115 miles per hour while burning seven gallons of gas. It will

cruise at 150 m.p.h., burning eleven gallons at that speed. The price is about \$6200, delivered with radio receiver and "standard" instruments.

Today's very lowest-priced airplanes are the Piper Cub and the Aeronca Champion, selling for slightly over \$2000. Their rugged simplicity makes them excellent training planes, and they are the planes most used currently by student fliers.

If you have been waiting for the postwar personal helicopter or "roadable" auto-plane, engineers are agreed that you will have a very long wait. Helicopters are extremely expensive and complex, even dangerous in

any but expert hands, and are likely to remain so for many years. The roadable airplane is in much the same category as the roadable boat — the sacrifices in weight and aerodynamic design necessary to adapt an airplane for road traffic would probably defeat the whole idea.

Until some startling new discoveries in design or power are made, such as low-cost jet power or the prop-jet engine which couples terrific power with light weight, there appears to be good reason to believe that refinement of the conventional airplane design will continue to be our main hope.



MARSH MUSIC

BY FRANCES FROST

I promised my heart that I would never again
be slain by Spring and the crying of the frogs,
that never again would my heart's dry twigs be trampled
or the mind's safe thicket be invaded by
wild music from the half-green thawing bogs.

Now out of the amber sundown, out of slowly
westward-moving lilac shadow, out of
the budded marsh lifts once again that music
tender and harsh, the silver cry, the piercing
intolerable ache of frog-throats swollen with love.

And I stand stricken in the faint-starred evening,
hearing the terrible music rise and flood
the marsh, the meadows, reaching up the mountain,
and I am drowned in fierce importunate April
and answer with my difficult raging blood.

OUR CANADIAN READERS

BY AKELY MITCHELL

THIS year Canada attains her eightieth birthday as a nation. Unbelievably rich in natural resources — she is the wealthiest and most populous of the British Commonwealth's self-governing dominions — and the third greatest trading nation in the world today, the land north of the famous undefended border is nevertheless troubled by a fundamental weakness: in the eighty years of her national existence, she has probably lost by emigration almost as many citizens as she has gained by immigration. About one-quarter of all the Canadian stock in North America lives in the United States today.

A recent survey conducted by Professor J. B. Brebner, a Canadian on the staff of Columbia University in New York, suggests that this drain on the Dominion's human resources is not entirely the result of economic pressure. "The canny, cautious conservatism," Professor Brebner explains, "which has so often characterized Canadians, rich and poor alike . . . has frequently made life discouraging for critics of the established order and for men of new ideas

and perceptions in many fields. Progressive young Canadians must have found that the inertia of their entrenched elders has drained Canadian life of color, zest, adventure and the stimulation which comes from free ranging experimentation in ideas, in material enterprises and in the arts."

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the field of writing and publishing. Canadian reading habits are determined to an overwhelming extent by the United States. The only significant exceptions are the daily papers.

It is hard for Americans to grasp the immense pressure of the United States on Canada. In the field of creature comforts it is something every Canadian accepts willingly enough. But in the field of culture and philosophy, of books and ideas, the constant pressure of a next-door neighbor ten times as populous and powerful often causes extreme and vocal anguish. To attempt literary independence from the United States seems to many Canadians the equivalent of trying to converse in whispers on a subway train.

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Canadian publishers have come to be both imitative and timid, though they pay dogged lip service to Canadian authors and the volume of their books is impressive. But production costs, to say nothing of profits, are rarely recouped in an English-speaking market of only 8.5 million. Most Canadian publishing houses are offshoots of British or American firms, and tend to publish what their United States colleagues tell them will sell. Many Canadian authors, influenced by a sense of inferiority, become tractarians, but the Canadian publisher often finds that even these authors publish first in the United States where the reward is bound to be greater.

In French-speaking Canada publishers are more willing to take a chance. They have an assured market of only 3.5 million, but there is no competition from beyond the border, and interest in the work of native sons is high. They publish cheaply, in the French manner, with tastefully designed paper covers. During the war years Montreal became an important publishing center for the entire French-speaking world. Houses such as Librairie Beauchemin, Editions de l'Arbre, and Editions Parizeau have achieved great prestige, and a lead which they mean to keep. Canadian editions of Ringuet's *Trente arpents*, Roger Lemelin's *Au pied de la pente douce*, and Gabrielle Roy's *Bonheur d'occasion* have gained wide fame. Books on art, music and criticism abound, and the Montreal air is thick with the debates of small literary

groups. Guy Sylvestre's quarterly, *Gants du Ciel*, can command articles by writers of the quality of Malraux, Maritain and Gide.

II

Ever since the early successes of Ernest Thompson Seton and Stephen Leacock, the tradition has been for Canadian authors writing in English to publish south of the border; by now, writing for the United States market has become a reflex action for most Canadian authors. The short stories of Morley Callaghan are basic North American material simply because what happens in Toronto might happen as easily and as naturally in Cleveland or St. Louis. Gwethalyn Graham's *Earth and High Heaven*, though its background is Montreal, deals with the North American racial problem of Jew and Gentile. Donald Creighton's *Dominion of the North*, which is one of the best histories of Canada, was written for the American market, and published in Boston.

Most of the popular United States periodicals have sizable circulations in Canada, and consequently try to include a certain amount of Canadian material. Furthermore, Canada has become a field of some interest to United States readers, and the amount of Canadian material that has been published has shown a marked increase.

Many attempts have been made to foster Canadian writing. Perhaps the most fatuous was the tariff barrier that was placed on United States

periodicals in the fond hope that a reduction in their Canadian circulation would stimulate Canadian creative talent. And from time to time an outcry is raised against the importation of cheap "pulp" and grade B movies.

It was in the early thirties that the Bennett government, aided by the depression, slapped on the tariff, and behind its protective wall Canadian magazines flourished. But after the re-election of Good Neighbor Mackenzie King in 1935, the tariff was removed. At the time this step was denounced as a deathblow to Canadian publishing, just as the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 was regarded as the end of Canadian commerce. But even as Canada continued to develop her commercial empire of the St. Lawrence, despite the Erie Canal, so Canadian publishers, partly, perhaps, because they have made their magazines as American in appearance as they could, have actually increased their sales.

Nowadays Canadians can read *Maclean's*, *Le Samedi*, *La Revue Moderne*, and *National Home Monthly* as well

as (though it is rarely instead of) the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. *Liberty* has printed a special Canadian edition. *McCall's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* are matched — at least in intention — by *Chatelaine*, *Canadian Home Journal*, and *La Revue Populaire*. *New World* is the Canadian counterpart of *Life*, but in the field of news magazines there is no competition. *Time* prints a special Canadian edition with a circulation that is now approaching 100,000, and *Newsweek* has a Canadian page with more than 30,000 readers.

In a class by itself is *Saturday Night*, a political and cultural picture weekly, a Canadian institution for more than fifty years. Under its veteran editor, Bernard K. Sandwell, it carries some of the best general articles that are published in the Dominion. Liberal in outlook, it acts as a sober watchdog over Canadian liberties. With a circulation of only 34,000, which is confined largely to higher income and professional groups, it has a disproportionate influence, and no United States counterpart.

There is no exact equivalent in

CIRCULATION FIGURES
(NEAREST 1000)

U. S. Publications		Canadian Publications	
<i>Saturday Evening Post</i>	520,000	<i>Maclean's</i>	580,000
<i>Collier's</i>	292,000	<i>National Home Monthly</i>	552,000
<i>Ladies' Home Journal</i>	186,000	<i>Chatelaine</i>	270,000
<i>McCall's</i>	191,000	<i>Canadian Home Journal</i>	260,000
<i>Life</i>	420,000	<i>New World</i>	200,000

Canada for such magazines as *Redbook*, *Cosmopolitan* or *American Magazine*, which are consequently widely read, especially in club cars and hotel lobbies.

There is a natural tendency among Canadians to read their own magazines, but the comparative circulation figures show that they barely prefer their own to those that are imported from south of the border.

III

In the newspaper field Canadianism proclaims itself with a rich, varied and lusty garrulity. There are 96 Canadian dailies. Nearly all are members of the Canadian Press; in addition, the larger papers subscribe to the Associated Press, the United Press, the British United Press or the North American Newspaper Alliance, and carry columnists and comics supplied by such organizations as the Newspaper Enterprise Association and King Features. But their special quality is naturally to be found in their editorial columns, ranging all the way from the sturdy prairie nationalism of the Winnipeg *Tribune* to the mincing gait of the *Colonist*, which is published in Victoria, British Columbia, a city described by Kipling as "British as Basingstoke."

Any roster of Canadian dailies might well start with the Winnipeg *Free Press*. Though it has a circulation of only 88,000, it achieved under its late and great editor, John W. Daffoe, a reputation for clear thinking on national issues and an empiric liberalism.

It is the conscience of the Liberal party, and thunders against departures from "Canadianism." It was against Munich at the time when many Canadian newspapers were praising that dubious pact with oily unction. It stands for Canadian nationalism in its liberal form, and interprets the agricultural West to the industrial East. Its roster of correspondents includes Grant Dexter, conscientious and humane chronicler of the Ottawa scene, and Bruce Hutchison, author of *The Unknown Country*.

The Toronto *Globe and Mail*, with a circulation of 181,000, is Toronto's only morning paper. It is the lineal descendant of the old *Globe* which fought so strenuously for the Reform party in the 1860s. Since its purchase by William H. Wright, a wealthy mineowner, it has become both more parochial and more conservative. Its editorial policy, a faithful reflection of "Tory Toronto," often seems to be determined by telepathic communication with the Montreal *Gazette*. The *Gazette*, though its circulation is only 45,000, reaches all the "best" families in Montreal. It is a powerful organ of conservative thought and emotion, of English-speaking rights in an area where English-speaking people are in the minority, and it strongly supports the imperial tie to Britain.

The Ottawa *Journal*, which is widely quoted for its analysis of developments in the capital, has developed a kind of genteel whimsy in its editorials which it combines with a sly exclusiveness well suited to a

paper published within the shadow of Parliament.

Among small town journals the *Examiner*, of Peterborough, Ontario, is beginning, under the editorship of Robertson Davies, to achieve a reputation similar to that earned by William Allen White's *Emporia Gazette*. Its talents, however, do not lie in home town, down-to-earth simplicity, so much as in a most un-newspaperlike wit, an ability to prick the bubbles of Canadian self-esteem, and a superb literary style. In 1945 the *Examiner's* editorial pages were quoted more often than those of any other paper save the *Ottawa Journal*.

The average American reader might consider the Toronto *Evening Telegram* an almost fantastic anachronism, but its bias is so unique as to merit attention. It is ultra-conservative, extremely strong for the Empire tie. It believes, as an article of faith, that Britain (or at least its concept of Britain) can do no wrong, though this belief was severely strained when the Labor Government was elected. The "Tely" is suspicious of the United States, of the Left, of Labor, of Catholics, of Russia, and, among still other things, of French Canada. It is the unofficial organ of the United Empire Loyalists and of the Loyal and True Blue Orange Lodges. And it is read by 170,000 Torontonians. Measured in terms of bias, its French language counterpart is *Le Devoir*, of Montreal.

Biggest in circulation of all Canadian dailies, but small in influence because it hews so closely to the public

whim, is the Toronto *Daily Star*. Its circulation of 310,000 has been built up under the shrewd personality of its septuagenarian president, Joseph Atkinson, who employed all the tried and true methods of mass newspaper promotion. It has the most comics, features, crossword puzzles, and other aids to reader interest. And, except that it is unswervingly loyal to Mackenzie King and the Liberal party, it is apt to give the impression that it is all things to all men.

Atkinson's promotion of the *Star Weekly* has been highly successful. Early in 1946, its circulation in Canada rose to the almost unbelievable total of 900,000; it is expected to top the million mark eventually. This has been achieved through the use of smart sales methods; twenty-four colored comics, rotogravure and magazine sections that appeal to the average radio-audience age, Jean Brodie's extremely popular cookery page, and a weekly comic story by veteran ex-correspondent Greg Clarke, which counts scores of thousands among its devotees. The *Star Weekly's* circulation is national, and its nearest competitor barely tops the quarter million mark.

French-language dailies have made great strides in circulation and influence during the past decade. Montreal's *La Presse*, with a circulation of 230,000, is the second paper in Canada, and carries on its masthead the legend, "*Le plus grand quotidien français d'Amérique*." During the war *La Presse* became the

largest French-language paper in the world, and even now it is doubtful whether its circulation is equalled save by *Libé-Soir* and *l'Indépendance Belge*. Other French-language papers, however, though smaller in circulation, are more influential because, in the French tradition, they are the spokesmen for specialized political viewpoints. Thus *l'Action Catholique* (83,000) presents the views of the Catholic hierarchy in Quebec, and *Le Canada* (21,000) is the organ of Liberalism and the *entente cordiale*. *Le Devoir* (20,000) represents the extreme right wing of French-Canadian nationalism, and counts among its readers many who still cherish the dream of a Republic of Laurentia. Robert La Palme, the cartoonist for *Le Canada*, has been described as a David Low with less mordant satire but greater wit.

The growth of French-language newspapers is the more remarkable in view of the handicaps under which they operate. The Canadian Press provides no translation service. Every dispatch or story that comes off the wires must be translated in each paper's office before it can be taken to the composing room. Even the comics present a problem, since the names and dialogue must fit French-Canadian idiom. Thus Blondie becomes Blondinette, and Superman is Le Surhomme. Dick Tracy is Robert l'Intrépide, and the Nebbs become Les Berlurons. "Come on, let's get going!" may emerge as "Holà! En avant les gars!" Popeye is Popeye.

The Montreal newsman's calling is one of the few in which the British-French *entente cordiale* prevails all the time. Along St. James Street, French- and English-speaking reporters mingle at the noon hour, sometimes pooling their stories, and speaking to each other in a sort of French-English *lingua franca*.

Even in Montreal the influx of United States weekend papers is heavy. You will find the New York *Journal-American* on Montreal newsstands or at Laurentian mountain resorts. The Detroit *Free Press* and the Buffalo *Courier-Express* are prominent on Toronto newsstands. Farther west, the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* and the Minneapolis *Star* are always available in the hotel lobbies of Vancouver and Winnipeg.

IV

In the field of digest magazines the United States-Canadian exchange is, to some extent at least, reversed. *Magazine Digest* was originated in Toronto by wide-awake publisher Murray Simmons and invaded the United States. *This Month*, published in New York City now, began with strong Canadian sponsorship, which originally included Dr. Hugh Keenleyside, who later became Canadian Ambassador to Mexico. The *Reader's Digest*, of course, keeps its powerful lead on both sides of the border. Its Canadian circulation figures are close to 500,000, and it is launching a French-Canadian issue of 100,000 each month.

Recently two local digests have

sprung up, run and staffed by veterans — the *Canadian Digest* of London, Ontario, and the *British Columbia Digest* of Vancouver. The latter consistently calls the attention of eastern Canadians to the incomparable virtues of the Pacific Coast. Like the Californian, the British Columbian is not to be prevented from gilding the lily.

In Canada's popular periodicals, sex, race, drunks and harpies are taboo subjects, and neither the United Empire Loyalists nor the United Church may be lightly dismissed. In fact, Canadian magazines are apt to stick to tourism, "red-blooded" romance, cloak-and-dagger history, and "he-man" Northern stuff.

There is no equivalent in Canada of *Harper's* or the *Atlantic Monthly*. Their place has been taken largely by the *Canadian Forum*, a magazine that cannot pay its contributors even after 25 years, and which has a circulation that barely reaches 5000. Nevertheless, *Forum* stories and poems have found willing publishers in the United States.

During the past ten years, a literary movement of some importance has sprung up in Canada. The work of the Montreal group behind *Preview*, *First Statement* and *Northern Review* has

contained much lively social comment as well as sensitive poetry and short stories.

If the movement appears to a United States audience as being a little late in the day, it should be remembered that Canada is a sober place where the literary yeast ferments slowly, and that a gap of half a generation may normally be expected between creative movements north and south of the border.

To the old guard this younger group's *envoi* may be said to be contained in Frank Scott's *Canadian Authors Meet*:

Shall we go round the mulberry bush, or
shall

We gather at the river, or shall we
Appoint a poet Laureate this Fall,
Or shall we have another cup of tea?

O Canada, O Canada, Oh can
A day go by without new authors springing
To paint the native maple, and to plan
More ways to set the selfsame welkin
ringing?

The wave of feeling that has come with Canada's newly found nationhood is bringing with it literary movements of skill and strength. Once this has fully developed it may be that Canadians of ability and originality will feel less need to cross the border in order to express themselves.

LABOR'S RISE TO POWER

BY MARCUS DUFFIELD

FROM reading the headlines alone one would get the notion that the postwar epidemic of strikes resembles the strike epidemic after World War I. Then, as now, there were major strikes in coal, steel and shipping. Then, as now, whole cities were paralyzed by strikes — Boston and Seattle in 1919; Bridgeport, Pittsburgh, Oakland in 1946.

Actually, the resemblance is only superficial. Following are some of the major differences: 1. Labor unions now are legalized giants, whereas in 1919 they led a precarious existence (except in a few industries) and were for the most part in perpetual danger of being smashed. Why did John L. Lewis bow to President Wilson in 1919 ("We cannot strike against the government") and defy President Truman for seventeen days at the close of 1946? Simply because he well knew in 1919 that his United Mine Workers was as vulnerable as a lobster without a shell. The shell which it lacked was government protection of the right to organize unions.

The subsequent ups and downs of

the UMW showed Lewis was right in assessing the vulnerability of his union in 1919. The UMW came out of World War I with more than 300,000 members. Then it went into a decline, and by the time of the depression of the early thirties membership had dropped to less than 100,000. It was not until the late thirties, after the New Deal labor legislation, that the UMW became the mighty power in the land that it is now, with a membership estimated at 400,000 or more. Similar fluctuations took place in other unions.

In the days after World War I labor unions were largely outside the pale of the law. They were not unlawful, but they had almost no legal protection. Five states — Virginia, Kansas, Nebraska, New York and South Dakota — recognized unions directly or indirectly; and a few states restricted their courts in breaking strikes by the process of injunction. On the whole, however, if a big corporation wanted to smash a union, it was perfectly free to do so as far as the law was concerned. In those dog-eat-

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dog days in which John L. Lewis established his power, a union leader had to be a tough and successful character indeed in order to hold his membership together.

That is, in most unions. It is important to note the exceptions, too — the mature unions, for the most part orderly, which had relatively little trouble in holding their membership together. Among them were the railway unions, those in the printing trades, and in the garment industry.

Gradually, between the wars, the whole operating technique of unionism changed. Legal restraints against unions were relaxed. No longer could they be forbidden to strike by judges. This was because of the Norris-La Guardia Act of 1932, which banned injunctions, and which was invoked by Lewis to fight the \$3,500,000 contempt-of-court fine against his UMW in December.

The biggest change of all — the really revolutionary change — came in 1935 when the New Deal passed the Wagner Act. Now unionism was not only legally respectable for the first time in history, but was protected by law. It was no longer all right with the government if an employer wanted to smash a union. He mustn't do it. He must bargain with the union; he must not fire men who belonged to it; he must not torpedo it by organizing a company union.

Union membership boomed, now that it was safe to belong. The United Mine Workers shot up to somewhere around half a million; others did like-

wise. The great automobile industry, which was largely unorganized in the twenties, became unionized. Even Ford capitulated. This process of transformation is still going on. We see it in the current campaign by the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the American Federation of Labor to unionize the last large open-shop area, the South.

Naturally the art of being a union leader changed after the Wagner Act. No longer was it a perpetual fight to hold your membership. You did not have to be such a rough-and-tumble warrior; now you took on some of the characteristics of a diplomat behind a big desk. Many of the more fortunate leaders obtained contracts which called either for the closed shop or for maintenance of membership provisions. Union treasuries waxed fat: witness the \$13,500,000 bank roll of the United Mine Workers, not to mention the approximately \$10,000,000 in its health and welfare fund. Salaries of union presidents rose into the brackets of corporation executives: witness John L. Lewis' \$25,000 plus expenses. In plain fact, unionism got into the category of big business.

American fright at the power of big business reached its peak in the trust-busting days of Teddy Roosevelt. The high point of governmental action was the effort to break up Standard Oil. In 1908 an anti-monopoly action resulted in a mammoth fine of \$29,240,000 — which, however, was never collected from Standard Oil because of higher court re-

versal. In 1946 many people feared big unionism as they once did big business. The \$3,500,000 fine which Judge Goldsborough imposed last December upon the UMW called to mind the fine which Judge Landis imposed on Standard Oil.

The general public had the feeling of fear and helplessness not only during the coal strike but also when the locomotive engineers and trainmen walked out last May 23 and brought all the nation's railroads to a standstill. Food distribution broke down, basic industries began closing, export was choked off, commuters were in a snarl. In this case (contrary to the situation in a coal strike) it was possible for Army men to move trains. President Truman ordered the Army to do so. Faced with this ultimatum, the striking railway men went back to work May 25; and the president of the trainmen, A. F. Whitney, bitterly accused Mr. Truman of having smashed the strike. Such was the state of national panic during the strike that President Truman asked for legislation authorizing him to draft workers into the Army to run a government-seized industry. The House passed the bill, but it later died in the Senate, when the crisis was over.

The growth of big-union power through legislation unquestionably was the outstanding difference between 1946 and 1919. Other differences needed to be taken into account.

2. The development of highly specialized unions made it possible for a

handful of men to imperil the safety of millions. These were small, bottleneck unions which, because of their strategic position, perturbed the public almost as much as did the nationwide strikes.

An outstanding example of this was presented by the New York City tugboat union.

Being an island, Manhattan is pitifully dependent upon the men who chug across the moat with coal and oil and food. On Lincoln's Birthday a year ago, Mayor O'Dwyer proclaimed an emergency, closed the city, told people to stay indoors. The life of the city was being strangled by the tugboat men. Having given such a spectacular demonstration of their power, it was no wonder the men came back for more money at the beginning of this year.

Similarly, a handful of men working for the Duquesne Light Company in Pittsburgh brought that city to its knees and stilled many of its factory wheels in the power strike of last fall. The city government tried using an injunction, on the grounds that power strikers were menacing public health and safety — which, of course, they were — but the immediate sympathetic walk-outs of other unions caused the injunction to be dropped quickly.

Pittsburgh, incidentally, has been the most afflicted city in the United States, probably in the world. When the coal strike ended suddenly on December 7, Pittsburgh had its first strike-free day in more than a year.

The 1946 list of stoppages had included workers in steel, coal, electrical industry, hotels, bus drivers, ship building and farm machinery. Even the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team contemplated a strike.

The point worth noting in connection with the small, strategic strikes such as those by tugboat men and utility workers is this: the public has become alarmed about little bottleneck unions as well as big unionism. In the old trust-busting days, it was bigness in corporations which people dreaded; little business always remained popular. You may remember those cartoons which portrayed CAPITAL with an enormous paunch overhanging striped pants. The cartoonists have arrived at no such easy symbol of unionism. If they do, they will have to devise two symbols: one, a great union (coal, railroads, steel) throttling the nation's economy; and second, a remarkably small David strangling a giant such as Pittsburgh, Oakland, New York.



3. Another important difference between now and 1919 is the admixture of political ideology into unionism. In the old days a strike was purely a matter of more pork chops for the workers. In the new days a strike may be used to promote a system of thought as well as conditions of work. For instance, last fall AFL seamen refused for a time to permit the sailing of a relief ship to Yugoslavia; they saw no virtue in our sending aid to a Communist-dominated country which

had just shot down U. S. Army planes flying over a corner of Yugoslav territory.

Regardless of the political merit of that particular argument, it was plain to be seen that the strike had become a potential weapon for a wholly new field of battle. If anti-Communists could use it, as in the case of the Yugoslav relief ship, so could Communists. When the British and Dutch were fighting the Indonesian independence movement in Java after Japan's surrender, Australian unions stopped the shipment of Dutch troops and supplies from Australian ports to Java in protest against the "imperialist war." There was some talk of Harry Bridges and his longshoremen holding up Java-bound ships from the American West Coast. He didn't; but theoretically, at least, he could have.

Speaking of ideology, American workers in recent months have become increasingly suspicious of Communist infiltration tactics. Philip Murray had all he could do to suppress an incipient civil war within the CIO between Communists and the anti-Communist forces who were hot for a purge. A carefully chiseled resolution was presented by Murray at the Atlantic City convention: the CIO resents interference by the Communist Party or any other political party. He forbade discussion; the resolution was passed. Practically, it did not mean much, but it was a portent of rising wrath. So was the fact that the CIO painstakingly excluded Com-

munists from its organizing campaign in the South, despite the well-known energy and enthusiasm of Communist organizers.

There are other socio-political overtones in present-day labor disputes. More and more workers are getting curious about company profits. When they see a total industrial profit sheet the size of that of 1946, they want a bigger slice. According to a survey ordered by the CIO, the total 1946 profits of American industry approached a record peak of \$15,000,000,000.

Walter Reuther took the lead early in 1946 in demanding that General Motors books be opened to inspection, for it was his contention that wage increases could be given to his 850,000 United Automobile Workers (CIO) without increasing the price of cars.

General Motors declined to open its books to a fact-finding board appointed by President Truman. Its position was that a corporation should not be forced to pay higher than the current competitive wage even if able to do so. The demand that its profits be inspected constituted, in the view of General Motors, "a broad attack on American industry and free enterprise. . . . If our system of free enterprise, of competition under our anti-trust laws and of rewards for efficiency, productivity, invention and progress is to be abandoned, it must be by act of Congress and not by act of General Motors."

In December 1946, when Reuther

opened his campaign for a second round of UAW wage increases in 1947, he reverted to the same theme: that if industry were to take labor into its councils, ways could be found to increase production and thereby make possible higher wages without wiping out profits.

In fact, the whole CIO went along with Reuther's theory this year. The economic survey which Philip Murray ordered was made by Robert R. Nathan, former Deputy Director of Reconversion. He said manufacturing corporations as a whole could grant wage increases of \$5,100,000,000, or 21 per cent, without reducing their rate of return below the 6.9 per cent earned in 1939.

Such a wage increase was justified, according to the Nathan report, because real wages — that is, the purchasing power of the worker — had fallen 23 per cent since last January. Mr. Nathan predicted that a depression will be brought about unless wages are increased, because people otherwise will not have enough money to buy goods at the present lofty prices. Mr. Nathan's conclusions were promptly challenged by the United States Chamber of Commerce. This organization of employers pointed out that profits are unequally distributed among corporations, and that while one company might be able to increase wages without raising prices, another firm could not; therefore a general wage-rise demand by the CIO would inevitably result in a general price increase.

4. The present postwar evolution of labor-industry relationship in the United States has an important influence on the nation's conduct of its foreign affairs, which was not the case a quarter of a century ago.

One direct illustration was afforded by the coal strike of November-December. War-racked Europe was sadly lacking in coal and was importing from us a million or more tons a month. This was only a tiny fraction of our normal output, but it meant the difference between survival and disaster for the struggling industries and railroads of Western European countries. If our coal strike had continued for two or three months, we would have risked throwing into chaos the very nations which we most wanted to help; and that would have been an open invitation for Communists to surge into leadership in those European countries where we least wanted them.

British labor leaders were concerned about America's strike epidemic for another reason. They fear a revulsion of feeling in the United States against trade unionism in general. They remember a similar revulsion of feeling in England when public wrath, and citizen volunteers, smashed the general strike after World War I. As a result Parliament passed oppressive legislation in 1927 which remained on the statute books nearly twenty years until its repeal last spring. British labor does not want to see class warfare in the United States drive a wedge between capi-

talist America and Socialist England.

Our industry-labor relationship also affects the United Nations. Both in the San Francisco Charter and in the Economic and Social Council sessions, the United States fought successfully against including as a goal any governmental guarantee of "full employment." At our insistence the phrase was modified so governments said they would encourage a "high degree of employment," but avoided sweeping promises.

Semi-socialist governments, of which there are many surrounding us in the world today, looked with concern upon the disposition of the United States to dodge governmental responsibility for full employment. They reasoned this way: If America returns to the laissez faire policy of prewar days, it is likely to fall into another depression with disastrous unemployment; and this will mean a disruption of world trade. America will be less able to buy products from the rest of the world, and will seek to dump its own products abroad at cut rates. In short, America's depression will spread.

This line of reasoning had a tangible result last fall which we did not relish. At the London conference to draw up an international trade charter, Britain insisted on putting in safeguard clauses which would permit a nation to erect barriers to trade — barriers such as currency devaluation or import restrictions — in the event of a damaging depression beyond its boundaries.

It is all too easy to dramatize labor troubles as mighty contests between individuals — between John L. Lewis and the Supreme Court, or between Philip Murray and President Truman. They are so much deeper that such a dramatization obscures the real issues. Some say the real contest is between the working class and the owning class. If that is true it would mean consigning this na-

tion to the agony of class warfare.

Our labor troubles are part of the vast and continuing economic struggle which has gripped the whole world. If the United States wants to preserve its private enterprise system, it must devise a means of balancing the powerful forces of labor and industry which have arisen. On our success depends our internal welfare and our career in the family of nations.



PHEASANTS

BY G. E. HUNTER

Ironweed above them,
Blue ditch below,
A dozen pheasants
Basked in the snow.

Like birds of bronze,
Each in his place
Took the great noon
And all the sun's grace;

Or like men at devotion
Sculptured in stone,
Safe from the arrow
And sword at the bone.

Metallic luster
Clanged in the snowfield,
Still in the stillness
Of loveliness sealed.

Oh, swift come the darkness
Of transcendent flight;
But slow be the moment
Meridian bright.

CALAMITY JANE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

How many times she married, or at least changed consorts, is beyond knowing, and perhaps beyond belief. She appeared at different times under the style of Hunt, Blake, Burke, White, Dorsett and Dalton, but who these gentlemen were, if they even existed, has been lost in the imperfect records of the time and place. But the records seem to indicate that Calamity Jane — probably — was born Martha Cannary in Princeton, Missouri, on the first day of May, 1852. The qualifications are needed; it is best to qualify almost any statement regarding this all but indestructible character of the old West.

I like to think of Calamity Jane as the inspired person who gave to the West its classic phrase, "Don't fence me in." I really don't believe she uttered those words, but she lived up to them well enough, and for forty years after the age of consent she roamed and she ranged the West when it was wild and woolly and when even such singularly unattractive women as she could be sure of a bed and a bottle, and of male companionship. It will shock all movie-goers to know it, but Jane was primarily what is politely termed a camp follower.

Joe E. Milner, grandson of California Joe — an unpublicized but quite genuine old scout of the plains — probably knew as much about Jane and her career as anybody. He often related, and even put it into print, that her father was Robert Cannary, a farm boy who had married her mother "in a bawdy house in Ohio to reform her, but did not do a very good job of it." The family migrated to the Montana gold fields, either in 1864 or 1865, and Mrs. Cannary died at Blackfoot a year later. What became of five other Cannary children isn't known; but Martha and her father struck out for Salt Lake City, where he too died. This left the daughter on her own, which, as her subsequent career would indicate, was exactly what she most wanted.

There are men alive today who will tell you in all seriousness that Calamity Jane was a plainsman, scout, prospector and Indian fighter without peer. They will tell you that she was a trusted scout with General George Armstrong Custer. Others will swear she served, in the form and style of a *male* scout, with Crook, with Miles, with Terry. At least one windy old character of the West told me Jane was once a scout with the Negro

cavalry commanded by the then Colonel (Pecos Bill) Shafter. There is no shred of evidence to show she ever served, either as man or woman, with any military body of the United States Army — that is, not in an official capacity. The Army did not carry camp followers on its muster rolls.

Jane herself started most if not all of the stories about her noble work as a scout, and she doubtless got the idea for her romantic drolleries from an experience she enjoyed in connection with the Jenny Geological Expedition, of which, incidentally, California Joe was one of the guides. This trek was headed by Prof. Walter P. Jenny, United States geologist, and went into the Black Hills region in 1875 to investigate the rumors of gold there and, in the usual manner of such scientific expeditions, to make geological and topographical observations of a general nature. To protect the professors a detachment of Federal troops went along.

While the Jenny party was being formed and equipped at Fort Laramie, one of its enlisted men, Sergeant Frank Siechrist, met up with Calamity Jane who, as was her custom, liked to hang out around an Army post, or for that matter any other place where many men were congregated. Jane cottoned to the sergeant. He was not especially coy himself. Being an observant person and noting, no doubt, that Jane chewed tobacco like a trooper (she could kill a horsefly at ten feet) and in addition was shaped more like Adam than like Adam's

wife, he procured a soldier's uniform for her. For all I know, Siechrist may have been a company supply sergeant. Anyhow, he got Jane rigged up in the baggy, shapeless clothes of the enlisted man of 1875, and away she went to the Black Hills with the expedition.

Sergeant Frank Siechrist had at last accomplished what more than one lonely soldier has wanted to do time out of mind. He had his wife, or at least his consort, right with him in the ranks. It was, of course, too good to last. At some stop along the way, after the party had camped one evening, an officer strolling near a stream to watch the soldiers swimming was struck dumb — we can presume — for Jane was right in there with the boys and she had troubled herself no more than they about a bathing suit. She was promptly sent back to Fort Laramie.

II

Her brief experience with the Jenny Expedition was Jane's nearest approach to being a military scout, yet on it she somehow erected the whole preposterous legend of her Indian fighting, adding to it, as the years passed, until not even a movie fan could have stomached it. She even cooked up a particularly implausible story to account for her nickname and tied it, of course, to the Army. It is a story so implausible and so pointless that I should prefer to let Jane tell it in her own words. "It was during the Indian outbreak in 1872," she related,

in barrooms from Rapid City to Spokane and later in dime museums,

when I was christened Calamity Jane. It was on Goose Creek, Wyoming, where the town of Sheridan is now located. Captain Egan was in command of the post. We were ordered out to quell an uprising of the Indians, and were out for several days. We had several skirmishes during which six of the soldiers were killed and several badly wounded.

On returning to the post we were ambushed. Captain Egan was hit. I was riding in advance and on hearing the firing turned in my saddle and saw the captain reeling on his horse as though about to fall. I turned my horse and galloped back with all haste to his side and got there in time to catch him as he was falling. I lifted him onto my horse in front of me and succeeded in getting him safely to the fort. Captain Egan, on recovering, laughingly said: "I name you Calamity Jane, the heroine of the plains." I have borne that name ever since.

All of which, of course, is — but never mind. Let it pass. I have no idea how she came by her name, and I am too cagey even to vouch for any of the score or more of reasons, all of them patently made up, to which long-winded raconteurs of the old West have subscribed. I'll go even further; I just don't want to hear any more reasons as to how she came by the "Calamity." If Ned Buntline had met her, I would gamble that he devised the name, just as he did that of Buffalo Bill; but I have been unable to find that Buntline ever heard of the lady.

Practically all the men who knew Jane and who left any record say that she was as able a consumer of liquor,

either hard, vinous or malted, as they had ever seen, equal, in fact, to such superb toppers as Bill Cody himself, a man who called for ten tumblers of red-eye daily when he was himself. Men who knew her seem to be agreed, too, that she was of medium height, ruggedly built, and had brown hair and eyes. I know of but two authentic photographs of her. Both indicate a fairly husky amazon, with a very unattractive face. Unquestionably she was quite mannish, both in appearance and manner; and for all her dalliance she seems to have dressed in men's clothing during much of her life.

Like most such women, Jane was big-hearted, and on special occasions could rise to a level above the bog of the plains underworld of which she was a part. In 1878, when there was a fearful epidemic of smallpox in the Deadwood region, she worked night and day ministering to the ill and the dying. There were few women in Deadwood at the time. Jane went from shack to shack, doling out the crude drugs she had bought herself, nursing and doctoring, preparing the dead for burial. Deadwood hailed her for it, and a quarter of a century later, when a ghostly Jane returned to die, Deadwood still remembered.

In Jane's Deadwood days her consort had been Charles Utter, better known as Colorado Charley. They lived openly together, and perhaps happily. But Wild Bill Hickok, the celebrated character who had appeared with Buffalo Bill's show and at last died in Deadwood (with his boots

on), paid Jane no heed. After his death at the hand of Jack McCall, Wild Bill became a Deadwood hero and immediately went into the hagiology of the West *via* the dime novel route. It was then that Jane took him over, for she knew a good thing. She mourned for Wild Bill as her "departed sweetheart." She could weep copiously about it, too, and the only manner in which kindly bartenders could stem the tears was to set up a few more quick ones for Jane.

Calamity Jane, however, was clever with horses. In 1878, after the small-pox epidemic in Deadwood, she hired out as a teamster and drove a big wagon from Rapid City to what was then Fort Pierre, now South Dakota's capital. Her employers found her competent, so long as she drove; but she had a habit of going off and getting drunk at inopportune times. For a period she lived with — that is, kept house for — a lonely rancher near Miles City, Montana, and then wandered off again. Her trail dims, then becomes clear for brief spaces. She turned up as an inmate of a bawdy house in Green River, Wyoming, and worked at the same trade for several months in Blackfoot, Montana. Then, somehow or other, she got wholly off her range, turning up in El Paso, Texas, to marry — so she said — a Mr. Burke, and to give birth to a daughter.

But Jane soon started working her way north to her old grazing grounds. She operated briefly what she liked to call a hotel in Boulder, Colorado, in

1893; then set out on a trek that took her (but don't ask me what became of Mr. Burke) through Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and into Oregon and Washington. Then, in 1895, Jane grabbed a train of steam cars for a trip back to the old diggings of Deadwood.

III

By the time she returned to Deadwood Jane had become a confirmed barfly and drink-cadger. One man there estimated her daily intake at this time as two quarts of 100 proof, or anything else on hand. All the old-timers would buy her a few drinks every day, though some got tired of her talk. Then, it is said, a wealthy woman who was visiting Deadwood because of its notoriety interested herself in the aging strumpet and took her to Buffalo to reform her. The process probably bored Jane, for she presently disappeared from Buffalo and turned up two weeks later in Deadwood, carrying a fearful hang-over.

Jane was now something of a legend, and liars all over the West sat up nights embellishing the story. The dime museum firm of Kohl & Middleton sent an agent to Deadwood to see what sort of attraction Jane would make. He signed her up, got her some fancy Western clothes, and on January 20, 1896, she was presented to the public at the Palace Museum in Minneapolis. Thereafter she toured the museums and honkytonks in many towns throughout the West.

Show business couldn't hold her, or, more likely, didn't want to. In 1901 Jane had fallen onto hard times indeed. In February of that year the *Anaconda Standard*, a Butte newspaper, reported that Jane was recovering from an illness in the poorhouse at Bozeman. Apparently she had been working her way through the state by selling copies of "The Life and Adventures of Calamity Jane, By Herself," a pamphlet composed of all the fictions she could dredge from her alcoholic imagination. (I have read it — it isn't worth reading.) On this occasion Jane told the press that she had never before been obliged to accept public aid. She was still dressed in men's clothing and packed an old revolver; but her clothes were ragged and the gun long since rusty. Remarkd the *Standard*: "Like the buffalo and the distinctive characteristics of the plains and mountains, she is a pathetic reminder of the vanishing glory of old pioneer days and the free and easy life of the border."

Two years later, on August 2, 1903, she died in Terry, near her favorite Deadwood. Next day the Deadwood *Pioneer-Times* reported:

Mrs. Mary E. Burke (Calamity Jane), female scout, frontier woman and one of the most picturesque characters of the early West, died in the Calloway Hospital yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock, aged 52 years.

The *Pioneer-Times* went on gallantly to recall Jane's noble work during the epidemic of 1878, though it remained vague as to her usual occupation. The funeral was held two days later, with services in the First Methodist Church, which was packed with old settlers. A Dr. C. B. Clark delivered a funeral sermon, doing the best he could with the subject, and a Mrs. M. M. Wheeler and a Miss Elsie Cornwall sang, while a Miss Helen Fowler played the organ.

So passed the woman who probably gained more notoriety, with less good reason, than any other female character in all the old West. Her grave is not gaudy, like that of Jim Fisk up in Brattleboro, Vermont, nor is it so heavily depressing as General Grant's tomb in New York. In Deadwood, however, her grave, along with that of Wild Bill Hickok, is one of the landmarks that all visitors are sure to be shown.



DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



A NEST OF NIGHTMARES

WE HAVE a curious habit of imaginatively peopling the outdoors with creatures immeasurably huger, fiercer, faster, and more eagerly malevolent than the creatures of fact. A number of psychological explanations easily suggest themselves. After all, if a child has behaved with shameful cowardice, he commonly magnifies the thing that scared him into a monstrous bogey before which the most lion-hearted hero might well quail. A man who has made an unwarranted fuss over a pain is likely to describe his injury as an almost mortally atrocious wound. If conscience bothers us over a killing, it is a great assuagement to say that we killed in self-defense. How much truth there may be in the explanations that go to a yet deeper psychic level, and that suggest that the evil monsters imaginatively seen in nature are in fact externalized projections of the murky monsters of guilt and fear inside ourselves, may be left to be debated by psychiatrists.

At any rate, and for whatever reasons, we are inveterate inventors of horrifying fakes. We invent them and we cherish them.

The ravening wolf-pack loping furiously after the fleeing sleigh . . . the lathered, galloping horses . . . perhaps that special touch of the exquisitely terrible which pictures the sleigh-party tossing a baby to the slaving pack to halt the monsters for one pacifying instant . . . here is a treasured nightmare of animal-lore which is as firmly fixed in popular belief as the supposition that groundhogs come out of hibernation on Groundhog Day. Ernest Thompson Seton, who spent the better part of eighty years in investigating wolf-life and who was by no means strict in restraining a fancy for melodrama, could find no convincing evidence to justify this bloody folktale of the wolf. The government naturalists of Canada, who have for years been studying wolves in the wilderness under all imaginable circumstances, have found no instance of these demonic wolf-doings. Vilhjalmur Stefans-

son, the explorer and resolute investigator, has found none. The wolf of actuality has very much the personality of a big dog unaccustomed to man. It has a large curiosity and an immense timidity. If an implacable wolf-pack has ever indeed gone bay-ing and straining after human quarry in a sleigh, reliable naturalists have been unable to verify the report of it. But men continue to terrify themselves with the old story, and it would be hard to say how often a wolf has been shot on sight because of these gruesome inventions about his tribe.

II

One of the most fertile subjects for picturesque nightmares about natural history is the subject of snakes. There is a cherished illusion that snakes are "slimy," though the most gingerly touch with a forefinger should be enough to establish that the hide of a serpent is as dry and inoffensive as the bark of an apple tree. There persists the truly terrible belief that a rattlesnake will attack a man without provocation, a belief made the more alarming by the supposition that the rattlesnake's bite is necessarily and agonizingly fatal. No sober herpetologist or doctor would minimize the seriousness of a rattlesnake-bite; but the fact is that a robustly healthy man stands an excellent chance of surviving such a snake-bite even without medical attention, *provided he is not seized with panic*. The effect of hysterical fear is a violent increase in heart-action and circulation, and such

physiological furor can well speed snake-venom through the system with fatal speed. But there are today walking the earth a great many serene-minded naturalists who have been bitten by rattlers not once but half a dozen times, and who continue hale. Anterior to the whole question of the seriousness of snakebite, there is the fact that no rattlesnake known to science has ever yet sought out a human victim and bitten him. Man inspires in rattlesnakes no emotion but alarm and the wish to escape. If a man will proceed in snake-country with the minimum alertness necessary to avoid treading on the reptiles or laying his hand on them, the likelihood of his being bitten is slight to negligible.

It is not alone to such dramatic looking beasts as wolves and such queer looking creatures as serpents that there attach nightmares of popular belief. There are nightmare notions about cats. There is a horrid fancy about the mild and hard-to-anger skunk.

Concerning cats, of course, it is imagined that they perch themselves upon the breasts of sleeping babies and old people and invalids — babies, especially — and "suck their breath." Just what is meant by this phrase is left shadowy; it is the more terrifying so. What is factual in the story is that cats do indeed like to snuggle up to the warmth of a human being, and, if the human being is recumbent, so much the easier; and cats do seem to find a fascination in the human face,

which they often enjoy scrutinizing at close range with great intentness. The translation of these harmless feline antics into a dreadful ritual of "sucking the breath" can, only go back to the ancient hideosities of witchcraft-days, when a cat was understood to be one of the commonest forms assumed by maleficent spirits.

III

The frightening myth attached to skunks is indicated by the local name given to the animals in many regions. They are called phoby-cats. The "phoby" is a shortening of hydrophobia. The story goes (and how it does go, year after year, quickening uncountable pulses with baseless terror) that the bite of a skunk invariably gives the victim rabies. The tiny germ of accuracy in this alarming belief is no more than this: that skunks, like foxes and a great many other kinds of animals, may of course sometimes have rabies; and that if a skunk wilfully attacks a man and chooses to bite him rather than using the traditional skunk-weapon of scent, the behavior is so exceptional that it may possibly indicate that the animal is deranged by disease. That is the extent of the truth. The trapper who gets bitten while handling a skunk is ordinarily in no more danger, indeed rather less, than if he had simply scratched his hand on his trap-jaw.

But trappers are still worrying themselves into sickbeds because they have been grazed by a tooth of the deadly phoby-cat.

The catalogue of nature-nightmares is nearly endless.

There is the terror of the tarantula, a word hardly to be pronounced without a shiver. If it is no longer supposed, as it mediævally was, that the bite of these great hairy spiders produces a stuporous "tarantism" from which the mortally-stricken sufferer can be roused only by the dancing of the tarantella, the belief at least persists that tarantula-bite is a very grave matter indeed and customarily fatal. "The bite of the largest tarantulas of our southern and southwestern states," writes Dr. Hegner of Johns Hopkins, "is no worse than the sting of a bee."

There is the nightmare about bats: that they love to twine and ensnarl themselves in human hair. No one has ever known it to happen. No one has ever turned up at the doctor's or the barber's, needing to have a bat sheared free of the tangled locks. But the terror persists.

The terror persists that the swifts nesting in the chimney will bring bedbugs to the household. The terror persists that if a man walks unguardedly under a tree in the forest, a wildcat may drop on him. If there is a hawk seen in the sky, it is a "hen hawk" and it constitutes a menace to fowl. Fire a rifle-shot at a hornet's nest, and the hornets, as swiftly as the flight of a bullet, will "follow the shot" to its source and the rifleman is done for. Let an eagle come soaring overhead, and it is well to snatch up any small children who may be outdoors; for eagles, it is understood,

often carry off small children to their eyrie. Let a bear be encountered in the woods, and nothing but frenzied flight can save the wayfarer from this savage beast, eager to grasp its victim in the well-known crushing "bear-hug."

So do the nightmares persist, when the weapons of a few small facts would slay them. The maximum recorded weight for a wildcat is forty-four pounds, and the beast's prey is such things as squirrels and rabbits. An eagle rarely exceeds ten or twelve pounds, and is hard put to rise in the air with even a fox-cub. Nine-tenths of all the hawks in the sky have no design on fowl; hornets have no mystical gift as bullet-tracers; the bedbug is peculiarly our human associate, not birds'. And so it goes. Insofar as it is justifiable to ascribe personality to animals, a black or brown or cinnamon bear is in the nature of a great lumbering comedian. He likes romping and tussling and playing with his toes, and lolling and dozing in the sun, and partaking of such savage repasts as honeycomb and huckleberries. When a bear meets a man in the woods, the bear's evident emotion is a kind of

mild surprise. If the man rushes screamingly away in headlong flight, it may confidently be reckoned that the bear's mood changes to sheer astonishment. He cannot frighten with such fabulous success even the squirrels.

There is a degree of nonsense in the view of the world as seen through a Victorian parsonage-window: all woolly lambs and gentle skylarks, and never the slash of a fang or the rake of predatory claws. The world of nature is sterner than that. But there is rather more nonsense, and a particularly dismal nonsense, in projecting into nature alarms and threats that are not there: peopling the good earth with phantoms which (despite what may be the demands of our subconsciousness for punishment) do not exist.

The Garden of Eden has its serpents in it; but it is a Garden still. The serpents are not slimy. However much we may deserve it, or however it might gratify our pride to live bravely in a world of such spectacular menace, they will not take their tails in their mouths and roll after us like hoops.



WRITER'S CRAMP

A STORY

BY JOEL SAYRE

I CERTAINLY appreciate this little visit, Mr. Reeves," said Mr. Sturgess, the big man in the \$150 suit. "All my life I've wanted to know what the inside of a lighthouse was like and now I know."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Reeves. "Anything I can do for a friend of Jimmie Calder's is a pleasure."

"Gosh, it's certainly a great place you've got here," said Sturgess. "Living-room, kitchen and everything. Even a telephone. And that store room! Why it's equipped like Sears-Roebuck."

"Yes," said Reeves with intense apathy, "the Department of Commerce does pretty well by its wave-swept towers."

Sturgess looked at him curiously. "Wave-swept towers, eh?" he repeated, "'wave-swept towers!' Why you're quite a poet, Mr. Reeves. 'Wave-swept towers.' Hmm. Pretty good."

The lighthouse keeper blushed. He was a pale, glum-looking little man in

dungarees. On his head he wore the knitted article known in the Navy as a watch cap.

"And you know so much about the lights up there," Sturgess went on. "All about the optics and everything. You certainly know a lot. I mean about the lights and everything."

"Nautically trained lighthouse engineer," I believe they call it," said Reeves in a flat voice. There was a silence.

"Say," said Sturgess suddenly, "by the way, I nearly forgot. I brought out a little something here with me." He pulled a huge silver flask out of the pocket of his overcoat lying on a chair. "Some Scotch. Just off one of the big liners. And not scraped off, either. How about a snort?"

"Why not?" was the reply.

He went below to the kitchen and presently returned with two glasses and a pitcher.

"You'll have to take it with water," he muttered. "The Department of Commerce doesn't supply us with club soda."

JOEL SAYRE is perhaps best remembered for his "Rackety Rax," the superb satire on football which appeared in the January 1932 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. But he also wrote other stories of high merit, as "Writer's Cramp," which was first published in the August 1930 issue, amply proves. It is the fifth in a series of reprints of outstanding features in past issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

"No club soda, eh?" said Sturgess, giving him another searching look. "No club soda. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, I've been around," said Reeves bitterly.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything personal," said Sturgess, "but you will admit that this is a funny place to hear about club soda."

The lighthouse keeper was blushing once more.

"I suppose it is, really," he said. "Forget about it. Well, here's how." The two men took long drinks.

"Must be a great life here," said Sturgess somewhat tentatively, after a long silence.

"Simply wonderful," replied the other nastily.

There was another silence.

"How about another snort?"

"Why not?"

Sturgess poured and the two men drank again. The entire round was consumed without the aid of words.

"This is pretty good stuff, if I do say it myself," remarked Sturgess. "How about another snort?"

"Why not?"

"This is pretty good stuff if you do say it yourself," said Reeves after a while.

"Why not?" said Sturgess.

"Well, here's how," said Reeves.

"Away to the races."

"This is the sixth, or is it the seventh?"

"It's only the fifth."

"How about the lights?" asked Sturgess.

"Oh, they take care of themselves. All I've got to do is hold this old tower down on the rocks."

"All alone out here most of the time, are you?"

"All alone out here all of the time," said the lighthouse keeper, and then added feelingly, "thank God!"

Sturgess was moved to sympathy. "I don't see how he stands it," he thought aloud. "All alone out here away from everything. Nothing but the gulls —"

"Gulls!" yelled Reeves. "Gulls! *That's* what I keep for gulls."

He pointed to a double-barreled shotgun in the corner.

"Well, I don't mean gulls exactly. I guess I really mean signs of human habitation. I should think you'd get sick for the sight of a tree."

"Trees!" said Reeves, "I hate trees."

"Why, that's funny," said Sturgess, "I never heard of anybody hating trees before."

"Well, you're hearing about somebody now," said Reeves. "Look me over. I loathe trees. I can't stand the sight of 'em. I wish there'd be a forest fire and burn down every splinter in the world."

"All right, never mind about the birds and trees," said Sturgess placatingly. "We'll skip them. What I'm trying to get at is how it feels to be marooned here all of the time. You're a man of culture. Don't deny it. You're a man of urbanity. You can't hide it. I knew it as soon as I heard you speak. Don't try to fool me. I knew it for sure when I heard you talk about

'wave-swept towers' and club soda. What are you doing off here all by yourself? Don't you miss the good things of life? Don't you miss music? I should think you'd have a radio or a phonograph."

"Music!" said Reeves wildly. "Why I hate music more than birds and trees put together."

"Really? Well, that's a pity. . . . Excuse me, I left my lighter in my overcoat."

He walked carefully to the chair, searched in his overcoat pockets, found the lighter, lit a cigarette. He pulled a newspaper from the pocket of the coat and handed it to his host.

"Say, here's a copy of yesterday's *Leader*. I thought maybe —"

"You thought maybe I'd like to observe the trend of events" — the lighthouse keeper screwed up his face — "and view the march of world affairs. And scan the passing show. Aw, blab-blab-blab, jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber, jabber, JABBER!"

He seemed about to tear the newspaper to pieces.

"Do you hate newspapers, too?" asked Sturgess.

"Do I hate newspapers. Oh boy!" said Reeves. "And not because they're made out of trees either. They're made out of raw nerves, that's what they're made of."

He threw the paper on the floor.

"Oh? Did you ever work on a newspaper?"

"Did I ever work on a newspaper? You bet I worked on a newspaper, all kinds of newspapers. Hick newspapers,

metropolitan newspapers, Democratic newspapers, Republican newspapers, Socialist newspapers, independent newspapers, tabloid newspapers. And do you want to know what I think of all newspapers without exception? Well, I'll tell you: they're fit only to wrap fish in. Yes, sir, fit only to wrap fish in. You could make a joke out of that. The next time there is a big publishers' dinner, you could send a telegram for the toastmaster to read, see? Have it say: 'Congratulations. We have been wrapped up in you for years.' And sign it 'The American Association of Fish Dealers.' See?"

"Ha, ha, pretty good. The fish dealers wrap up their smelts in the newspapers, eh? 'We have been wrapped up in you for years.' I get it. I get it."

II

Reeves had picked up the remains of the paper and was turning the ragged pages, indignantly scanning the headlines.

"Look at the obituaries," he said. "I used to write obituaries. Hundreds, thousands, millions. Did I write obituaries!"

"Where was that?"

"Out in Iowa, when I was a cub. I was obituary editor. I wrote a daily column. The only time I was ever a colyumist, ha, ha! Not the obituaries of the prominent citizens, mind you, but the taking-off of the smaller fry. One paragraph apiece. Do you know what I mean? God, I could quote one under water:

"Funeral services for Frank Bananas, 47, an iron puddler, who died of complications last night at Mercy Hospital, will be held at 2:30 P.M. tomorrow at his home, 558 E. Iuka Ave. Mr. Bananas was a member of the Fervent Order of Eagles, the Improved Order of Red Men, the Loyal Order of Hoo Hoos, and the Swastika Bowling Club. Surviving are his wife, Marie; three sons, Frank, Jr., Floyd and Michael; two daughters, Rose and Pearl; and his mother, Mrs. Sadie Bananas. Burial will be in Greenlawn Cemetery by Gosnell and O'Brien, morticians.'

"Ask me if I hate undertakers!"

"Do you hate undertakers?"

"Oh, golly, he wants to know if I hate undertakers! Listen, I hate everything that pertains to funerals. Not only undertakers themselves, not only undertakers proper, but tombstone cutters, florists, compounders of embalming fluid, drivers of motor hearses, grave diggers, and even the little guy that arranges the folding chairs. And as for Chopin, I have a double-distilled hatred for him, not only because he was a musician, but because, being a musician, he wrote a funeral march."

"Here, let me sweeten up that drink."

The guest poured four of Primo Carnera's fingers into each tumbler. The host was inspecting the newspaper again.

"Look," he said, "an animal story. How I detest animals, especially pets! It reminds me of the first metropoli-

tan paper I was on — the *Star*. The Old Man, the managing editor, was mad about animal stories. If he couldn't get one, he'd wire out of town for it. Generally out West. His favorites were bear stories, which he'd run in a box under some wild and woolly date line. This is the way they usually sounded —

"Squeaky Moccasin, Idaho, August 13. — Old Bruin thought he would make a feast of huckleberries yesterday morning in a patch three miles north of here, but he reckoned without Trapper Sam Quimby, who was about in the early dawn, inspecting his snares. Spying Bruin, he raised his rifle and fired straight into the furry marauder's heart. Trapper Quimby had no trouble in disposing of a mess of steaks at fancy prices in the market here this morning.'

"But all too often there was plenty of local furry and finny chitchat to be written. And of course it fell to me to write it. There wasn't a baby yak born at the Zoo or a new carp in the Aquarium that I didn't have to slog out and cover. It got so bad that I couldn't look at a girl wearing a set of furs without having to turn my head away, while the mere mention of sea food, even oysters or shrimps, spoiled my whole day. Beside that, after I had been on the *Star* a year, along came a Presidential election and the paper got so disgustingly partisan that I couldn't stand it any longer. All this self-anointed smugger-mugger! It made me want to scream."

"Politics one of your *bêtes noires*, too?"

"*Bêtes noires*? Say, I never could tolerate *any* kind of politics, Republican, Democratic or Bolshevik. I got my bellyful of 'solons,' as they call them in the hick paper headlines, those three years out in Iowa. 'Solons!'" The lighthouse keeper filled his lungs and gave forth a garland of raspberries. "Solons!" In his voice was contempt for the entire army of public servants.

"No matter what paper I worked on, its politics always made me furious," he finished.

"What about the *Dispatch*?"

"Oh, the *Dispatch* was just as bad as the *Star*. It was an opposition paper all right, as far as national politics was concerned, but it lined up solid with the City Hall crowd, principally so that the ramshackle old building the paper was put out in wouldn't be condemned by the fire and health departments. Yes, I went to the *Dispatch* from the *Star*. It was all those baskets of kittens that washed me up on the *Star*. And the spaniels that could make a fourth at bridge! And the parrots who dictated night letters! But the *Dispatch* was even worse, although I must say they weren't so keen about all the cunnin' ickle wee cockroaches Mrs. Jerome Woozendinger, of 349 Muskmelon Boulevard, found yesterday in her kitchen being raised by a mother rat."

"Gosh!" said Sturgess, twirling the liquor around in his glass, "you certainly had a tough time of it."

The lighthouse keeper was again looking at the paper.

"Oh, Lord," he groaned, "here's that old cartoon again about Junior helping Mamma in the kitchen the week before Christmas! There ought to be a law! They ought to put that cartoon on the Index Journalisticus." He ground his teeth.

"Christmas," he sneered. "Christmas! Thanksgiving! Easter! Fourth of July! Yom Kippur! The Rhamidan! St. Patrick's Day! Nothing but a lot of lousy roundups, that's what they are. Shall I tell you what I think of holidays?"

"I'd love to hear."

"All holidays are detestable because they are roundups. A roundup on a newspaper is what they call a holiday story. That's why I left the *Dispatch*. I was what you might call the boss wrangler of all the holidays. The *Dispatch*, claiming to be liberal and a great respecter of all nationalities, races and creeds, specialized in roundups. You know the sort of thing:

"Over a billion holiday makers left the city yesterday to spend Labor Day in the country and at the beaches. There were nineteen deaths from drowning, ten were killed in automobile accidents, sixty-five were injured from sitting on empty pickle bottles, eleven fell down wells, while scores were attacked by mayonnaise rash.' And so on, for a couple of furlongs, with the names of the dead and groaning in agate type. Holidays, pah!"

"All right, all right," said Sturgess,

"but what's that all got to do with music?"

"It was when I was on the *Chronicle*," the lighthouse keeper said after a gulp from his glass. "The *Chronicle* was genuinely independent and as near to being O.K. on politics as any paper I ever worked on, but its big trouble was Old Violin Makers. For some strange reason the boss had a fixation on Italian and German cobblers who built fiddles out of whatever rubbish there was lying around.

"These Stradivari generally had an old O'Sullivan rubber heel for a chin rest and were strung with cast-off shoe laces. Of course they weren't always old violin makers: sometimes they would be guys that had constructed full-rigged ships inside empty bottles, or maybe firemen who spent their off hours knitting Paisley shawls.

"Anyway, the protagonist of these stories was always some kind of nut, and he was almost always old. The more stewed figs and marshmallow syrup with English walnuts you could dump over the story, the better the boss liked it. And naturally, after I had written one or two he took a shine to them and issued orders that I should do them all in the future.

"First, I got sick of all stringed instruments, then of music, then of Italians and Germans, and finally of all old persons.

"I remember that during that time an uncle of mine from Indianapolis turned up and wanted me to show him the town. Such a fine old fellow he was, and very good company. He'd

always been nice to me as a kid and helped me through college after my father died.

"So I went to see him at the Blackstone, but the whole visit was spoiled because I was scared to death that at any moment he'd open his suitcase and pull out a cigar box Cremona or a hip flask with a model of the *Constitution* in it. Poor old fellow! Poor dear old Uncle Roger! He died shortly after."

III

Tears were streaming down the lighthouse keeper's face.

"Oh, come, come, Reeves, old fellow, don't take it so hard," said Sturgess, patting him on the shoulder. "It's a pity the old gentleman passed away, but it wasn't your fault. You didn't kill him."

"Oh, oh, poor old Uncle Roger," sobbed the lighthouse keeper. "Maybe if I'd been nicer to him he'd still be with us all yet. Oh, oh."

"Here, have another drink and tell me some more about yourself."

"Aw, nuts! What are you interested in me so much for, Burgess? Just a miserable old mess of nothing, that's all I am, a mess of nothing. Here's a toast: gentlemen, let's drink to nothing. Say, Burgess, what do you keep on wanting to know about me for?"

"Never mind about that now. Go on and tell me some more about yourself. Did you ever do any magazine work?"

The lighthouse keeper instantly became almost sober.

"Magazine work!" he croaked, "magazine work! Four years, that's all, Mr. Bridges, four years. Four years, that's all, four years."

"What sort of stuff did you do?"

"All kinds, my friend, all kinds. I'm tight now, but don't you worry. Just help me hold this old tower down on the rocks, so she won't blow away, that's all. But don't worry."

"I won't. But I'm very much interested in your magazine work. I wish you'd tell me something about it."

"Aw, nuts!"

"No, go ahead. Tell me about the first piece you ever sold."

"First piece, first piece," muttered Reeves, valiantly pulling himself together. "Let me see now. First piece?"

"Yes, your first piece. What was it about?"

"Horses," was the dark reply. The lighthouse keeper frowned and clenched his fists. "'Horses, horses, horses, crazy over horses.' Well, that's what I am. Crazy over horses. If I were on shore this winter, do you know what I'd do?"

"No, what?"

"I'd go around tripping up all the horses I could find, and I'd found a Society for the Promulgation of Cruelty to Animals, that's what I'd do."

"Why the hippophobia? What's the matter with horses? I think they're pretty fine animals myself."

"It doesn't matter what you think, Mr. Matches. It's what I feel that

matters. Or does it? Does anything matter? Gentlemen, I give you anything."

"Go on about horses."

"Oh, hell! I don't want to go on about anything."

"Yes, go on about horses."

"Well, I finally quit the newspaper business, and decided I'd write for the magazines. So I called on a friend who was an associate editor of one. He advised me to begin with non-fiction pieces. And he sent me in to see his boss. Gosh, I don't want to talk about this, Mr. Terlet."

"Oh, please go on."

"Well, the editor was very friendly and said yes, he would be interested to look over some of my stuff. He had plenty of fiction, enough to hold him for a couple of years, as he never used more than one or two stories a month. What he wanted was articles. Did I have any ideas? No, nothing very hot."

"Well, what about horses?" he said. There had not been a good piece on horses for a hell of a time. Was the horse really vanishing or was that just a lot of propaganda put out by the automobile people? What about the *cohippus*, the little dawn horse of prehistoric times? What about Bucephalus? What about Mazeppa? Famous horses of history. Were there any more bucking broncos? He had recently read in some paper that a man on the East Side had been arrested by the Department of Health for keeping a horse on his roof.

"Just a chatty, human piece on horses," he said. "Always take it for

granted that your reader knows nothing whatever about horses. You can almost assume that he has never seen one before. And be sure to put something in about the old horse cars.'

"We shook hands and I went out of his office walking on pillows. At last! Here I was writing for a magazine. No more lousy newspaper work for me. A regular literateer from now on, henceforth and forever more. Oh, the pity of it!

"I went to the Public Library and read Hinkel's great three volume work on 'The Horse.' I ploughed through Smools' Index, looking up every reference to horses that had ever appeared in any publication since Caxton. I interviewed a livery-stable keeper and old Vince Treanor, who knows so much about race horses he whinnies in his sleep. And finally, after two weeks, I mailed the article to the magazine."

"And then, I suppose, you received the first of a long series of rejection slips."

"No, no," groaned Reeves, "would to heaven I had! No, no. They accepted it, and ran it and paid me \$200 for it. The editor, curse him, wrote me a very nice little letter saying that he found 'Is Old Dobbin Really Dying Out?' the best piece on horses he had ever read, and asking me to come in and see him about some more articles."

"And did you go?"

"Oh yes, I went all right, but to get to his office I used only the streets

on which no horses were allowed. I couldn't even eat horse radish after that, and one night I tried to strangle my ten-year-old nephew in the midst of reciting 'Sheridan's Ride.' Say, do you find it stuffy in here?"

"Yes, sort of."

"Well, what do you say if we open this window?"

"Fine. So what did this editor have in mind?"

"A job of ghosting. Ghosting is what they call writing a piece signed by somebody famous, see?"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, he was so pleased with 'Is Old Dobbin Really Dying Out?' that he had decided I was the very man to ghost the memoirs of a crib-biting soprano the Metropolitan Opera was about to turn over to the Navy for target practice."

"Who was that?"

"Rosie Gorilla."

"Rosie Gorilla?"

"Oh, Mme. Rosa Gerello, but I used to call her Rosie Gorilla. What, what a creature! She spoke the conventional *chow mein* of French, German and English, but she did her cussing in Italian, which was most of the time."

"How did you make out with her?"

"Oh, marvelously. Such fits of temperament and temper! Such sulks! Such haggling over the price the magazine had arranged to pay her! She insisted on making me personally responsible for what she considered a niggardly sum. As a matter of fact it was princely. And

what a lovely time I had trying to make her recall the glamorous days when she was the slightly scorched toast of four continents. All that she could do to help was to remind me endlessly that she was a 'grrrrrande artisssste.' 'I am grrrrrande artisssste,' she would say every day, just so I wouldn't forget. 'Make sure to write dat down.' And make catty remarks about her fellow singers. According to her, Melba and Gadski and Farrar and Calvé should have stayed at home and sung in the kitchen where they belonged.

'Finally, I had to go to the *Dispatch's* library and look her up in the clips. And with those and what Bill Guard, the press agent at the Metropolitan, could remember about her I finally adzed out enough for a series of four articles. I showed them to her and she covered my pan with kisses. Oh, God!'

"Well, even so —"

"Oh, Lord, that wasn't the half of it. She was so impressed with her greatness that she went to the editor and insisted that he should arrange to have a movie made of her life story. I happened to be in his office at the time. When he failed to rave over the idea, she went into a typhoon of temper, socked me in the chest with his inkwell, and screamed her way out. When the articles appeared under her name, she wrote letters to all the papers and denounced them as fakes and forgeries. That's one of several hundred reasons why I don't love music."

IV

"Hmm. At the same time, you know, you were pretty lucky, landing straight off with your first two efforts. Did you write more non-fiction?"

"I wrote volumes of it. I wrote shelves of it. I wrote encyclopedias of it. I wrote whole *libraries* of it." His voice had risen to a shout. "I wrote about good roads. I wrote about our beautiful shade trees. I wrote about the Vanishing Redman. I wrote about the French debt. I described the horrors of radicalism, and I jeered at the DAR for a liberal weekly. I bewailed the decline of the road show and I hosannaed the rise of the movies. 'At last a really democratic and wholesome form of entertainment,' was what I wrote unblushingly. Did I write non-fiction? Give me a drink before I die!"

"What about the ghost writing?" said Sturgess, rendering succor. "Was there much more of that?"

"Much *more* of it! Ohhhh! *Bales* of it, that's what there was, *bales* of it. I was a fanatically dry senator, and after the piece was finished I destroyed the specific gravity of all the rye I could find in New York for the next two months. I was a home-run hitter and a woman tennis champion. (Any sport is just another emetic to me now.) I was Miss Totsy Delray, the star of *O. K.*, *Aucassin*, and I was a feminist with a face like a towel swinger in a pork and bean prize fight. The feminist recalled those stirring days when she picketed the

White House for suffrage and went on hunger strikes for sometimes as much as five hours at a time. I was a general and a pacifist, an ex-police commissioner and a society dowager, and, by God, I was once a pair of Siamese twins. Yes, sir, a pair of Siamese twins. Can you image how vile that was? Were you ever a pair of Siamese twins?"

"No, I can't say that I ever was. But you must have gone through the struggle all young writers do before they get over. I mean you must have got plenty of rejection slips at first."

"No, no, that was just the trouble. I never received a single rejection slip in four years. Not one! That was just the trouble. Would to God I had! It might have discouraged me, and I could have turned to some happy and useful occupation like grinding knives."

"Oh, come, come!"

"Oh, yes, yes. But instead I got sucked in by the terrible editorial maelstrom. Word flew around the magazine offices that at last here was an answer to the editor's prayer: a man who could write a good, readable non-fiction article of any length, on any subject, and get it in when he promised to. As soon as I would finish one piece, I'd find three letters in my box from editors asking me to come in and see them.

"And then after a time I realized that once I had written about some person or thing that person or thing was forever shut off as a source of interest or pleasure. The person or

thing became transformed into a phobia, a complex. I've told you how I wrote myself out of enjoying music. It was the same with all the other arts. Even the lively arts. The memoirs of a famous restaurant owner which I ghosted made me sick of the taste, feel, smell, sight and sound of food."

"Sound?"

"Yes, sir, even the *sound* of food used to get on my nerves. For instance, a sack of potatoes being emptied into a bin. Or the grating of a nutmeg. Or peas being shelled. Or pop corn snapping in the popper."

"Well, well. You *were* in a state. What you probably needed was some fresh air and exercise."

"But don't you see, I had ghost written for home-run hitters, and Olympic sprinters, and heavyweight champs and channel swimmers so that the thought of exercise was even more abhorrent than that of food. And five thousand words on camping and the Red God's Call for *Out-o'-Doors* fixed me up with one of the prettiest little yens to live in a safety deposit vault ever known to psycho-pathology.

"And the first thing I knew I couldn't sleep. It all grew out of a long popular scientific article I had written on 'What Our Dreams Mean.' I was afraid to go to bed for fear I'd dream. And I couldn't drink black coffee because of a piece of mine on Java that appeared in a travel magazine. Tobacco was out, too, on account of a little bit of whimsy on 'The Old Southern Planters.' When I would finally drop off after two or three

sleepless days I invariably had hideous nightmares full of horses that played and sang, vigillions of happy holiday makers swarming up and down the good roads and climbing our beautiful shade trees, and popular athletes, actors and politicians riding around on baby yaks and carp, while generals and pacifists, stuck together Siamese-twin fashion, fled screamingly from Vanishing Redmen. Say, is there another shot in that canister?"

"You bet!"

Sturgess passed the flask to the lighthouse keeper. The mouth of the flask beat a tattoo on the edge of the glass while the golden brown liquor gurgled out. Reeves took a long pull and then a long breath.

"But what about women? Wasn't there some girl you could turn to?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" groaned Reeves, burying his face in his hands. He burst into tears again. His shoulders shook as he groaned and sobbed. Sturgess was very embarrassed.

"I'm *terribly* sorry, old man, honestly I am," he said. "I didn't mean —"

The lighthouse keeper suddenly raised his head.

"Fiction did it," he said fiercely, "fiction it was. Fiction wrecked my life." His fist crashed on the table. "Fiction!" He glowered darkly. "Or was it truth? Truth!" His conversation was rapidly becoming Hamletian. "Truth is mangier than fiction. Ha, ha, ha!" He laughed madly.

"Julia was her name. She was a swell girl. We were engaged. One

night I told her all my troubles, and she said 'Why not write fiction?' I took up her suggestion all right. I wrote a series of confession pieces for *Nothing But the Truth* and got so sick of women and love that I suppressed the banns with a sock in the nose, and beat it out of town."

"And how did you happen to get here?"

"Well, I've spilled so much I might as well spill it all. Naturally, I wanted to change my racket. Naturally I wanted to get away from everything. I thought of joining the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, but they were so snarled up with the movies, and the great out-of-doors, and horses, and policemen and a lot of other things that gave me the horrors that I just couldn't.

"It was the same way with every occupation I could think of. The life of a trapper, while sufficiently lonely, was lived among too many trees and animals."

"What about being a sailor?"

"Didn't I tell you I was once a ship-news reporter? And anyway, I'm a martyr to seasickness. I thought of being a night watchman, but that wouldn't have taken me away from cities. And, as far as I was concerned, a factor for the Hudson Bay Company has all the disadvantages of a trapper and a Royal Northwest Mounted policeman to cope with plus constant intercourse with the Vanishing Redman.

"It got so desperate that I turned to the Encyclopedia Britannica to

search for ideas on a career. I had looked in vain through the first thirteen volumes, when one day I took up Volume XIV, the one that deals with Libi to Mary (I'll surely never forget that pair) and opened it at random. My eye fell on a small sketch of the Corduan Lighthouse, the earliest wave-swept tower extant. Underneath the sketch was the caption: 'The lighthouse was begun in 1584 and stands on a rock in the Bay of Biscay near the mouth of the river Gironde.'

"The last half of the little caption jingled pleasantly through my head:

'And stands on a rock
In the Bay of Biscay
Near the mouth
Of the river Gironde.'

"Idly I started to read the article on lighthouses, and in the middle of the third paragraph it suddenly flashed over me — I'd be a lighthouse keeper! It was just the thing I was looking for. I could be all alone, and yet not have to slog around in the great open spaces. I could be doing something useful without the necessity of having to see politicians, opera singers, old violin makers, heavyweight champions, or Vanishing Redmen. I like the sea. Because I never wrote about it, I guess. I got in touch with the Department of Commerce, went through a course of training, and here I am. Except for those cursed gulls," he finished suddenly. A flock was wheeling by the window. He darted to the corner, seized the shotgun and fired both barrels. He missed. The

gulls flurried around excitedly for a few seconds and then flew off screaming.

"How I wish I could shoot," Reeves muttered through clenched teeth. He turned to his guest. "You know, sometimes it almost makes me want to go back to shore and take a course in sharp-shooting. I've never hit one yet." He laughed bitterly. "Oh, well."

"Put your gun down and take a shot at this," said Sturgess, handing him a glass. Reeves obeyed and sat down clumsily in a chair by the fire.

v

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you to wonder who I am," began Sturgess with a bright smile.

"Why, no," said Reeves slowly, "all Jimmie Calder said today when he brought you out in the kicker was that you were an old friend of his."

"Well, I am. I've known him ever since I was a kid. I was born over on the mainland and Jimmie and I went to school together. And he didn't tell you any more than that about me because I told him not to. As a matter of fact, I made the trip up here from New York especially to see you."

"What!"

"Now, don't get excited. Wait until I've finished talking and then you can open the flood gates. It wasn't you, yourself, I came up here to see; but the keeper of this lighthouse. And *what* a break!"

"What do you mean, 'break'?"

"That it turned out to be you. Why

it's the most astounding thing I ever heard of. A perfect natural."

"What is?"

"Now listen, Mr. Reeves, you've told me your story and I am tremendously moved by it. I think you've gone through Hell if anybody I ever heard of has. But you're going to win out. And I can help you do it, and I'm going to. Now —"

"Say, what in hell's this all about?"

"All right. I'll 'cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.' I'm F. Peabody Sturgess. You never heard of me, because you've been out here on these God-forsaken rocks for a couple of years. But you've heard of the *Family*, I imagine? Well, I'm the editor."

"What!" shouted the lighthouse keeper, slowly rising from his chair.

"Yes," said Sturgess. He talked faster and faster. "Yes, I'm the editor. For the last year we've been featuring the inside stories of people in unusual occupations. It's funny your mentioning the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the Hudson's Bay Company, for we've had pieces both from an inspector of the mounties and a fur factor. Of course, we sent a staff man up to get the stuff and write it, just a little ghost job, ha, ha, but those two pieces alone brought in thousands of letters. Then we had a deep sea diver and a fire chief and a lot more. Last week in our editorial conference, somebody suggested that our readers would like to hear about the life of a

lighthouse keeper, so I assigned myself to the job, as I was coming up here to spend Christmas with my mother and this is one of the biggest lighthouses in the world right here.

"But think of finding a seasoned magazine writer keeping the lighthouse! What a break. Now, I'll give you an idea of the sort of thing we want —"

"*Unmerciful God!*" shrieked Reeves, his eyeballs rolling. And with a terrible scream he rushed across the room and dived headfirst through the open window.

VI

From the *Minnescoggan Beacon*:

Persistently refusing to take hold of a life preserver which was repeatedly thrown to him, an unknown man in dungarees was picked up late yesterday afternoon seven miles east of Crunchett Light by the Coast Guard cutter *Sally Blossom*.

The man was swimming straight out to sea when the cutter sighted him. A dinghy was lowered, after he refused to take the life preserver, and when Boatswain Harry Boards reached the mysterious swimmer a helping hand, he bit it.

Forcibly lifted from the water with a boathook and taken aboard the cutter, the man resisted his rescuers so violently that he had to be subdued by Boatswain Boards. He mumbled wildly about horses and music, refused food, and would not tell his name or how he happened to be swimming straight out to sea.

Physicians at St. Eulalia's Hospital, where he was taken last night, say that his condition is still delirious, though not serious.



THE LIBRARY



A CROSS SECTION OF CURRENT FICTION

by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE novel, from its beginnings, has been a growing, explorative, increasingly comprehensive form of literature. From the forthright factualism of Defoe to the psychological and social subtleties of Henry James, from the sentimentality of Richardson to the naturalism of Zola, from the robust and public simplicity of Fielding to the private complexity of James Joyce, from the romantic eloquence of Walter Scott to the symbolical eloquence of Franz Kafka, the novel has steadily taken in more and more human territory.

Indeed, it has so extended itself, it has sought to encompass so many kinds of experience, and has translated life into literature in so many different ways, that critics have from time to time despaired of its being

able to maintain its identity. A form into which so much heterogeneous material is thrust, they have argued, must surely disintegrate under pressure. A form that is asked to serve so many purposes — poetic, psychological, scientific, sociological, political, economic, religious, controversial, propagandist, biographical, and historical, not to mention the ancient and honorable purpose of entertainment — must surely end by serving none well. Or, at least, we cannot continue to call this multi-functional form by a single name. Let us admit the fact of fission, and agree on new classifications.

Yet the novel remains the novel, and it remains in excellent health. Of course, there are critics who will tell you that it is far from thriving, that we need only look back to its earlier stages to see how perceptibly it has shrunk in stature and importance. There are always such critics, and they always ignore facts that no

BEN RAY REDMAN for many years conducted "Old Wine in New Bottles," a well-known column about books which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune*. His article on "Sex and Literary Art" appeared in the October 1946 *MERCURY*, and he contributed a critical piece on biography to the December 1946 issue.

one should ignore. The first of these facts is that great writers, including novelists, have always been rarities. The second is that guaranteed, genuine literary masterpieces require for their authoritative recognition, if not for their existence, the collaboration of more than one generation of readers.

Whether there are among us today novels which are masterpieces in the making, we cannot be sure. If there are, they are doubtless even less easily visible than they would have been in some earlier eras, because of the mass of mediocre fiction now being produced. But this mass should not blind us to the remarkable amount of good work that is being done in the novel form; and it is a fair risk, I think, to wager that posterity will find at least a few items of this work better than good. Our present concern, however, is not with potential masterpieces, but with several recent novels of several different and representative kinds. Taken together, they compose a cross section—one of many possible cross sections—of the novel as it exists today.

In the course of its recent expansion, the novel has concerned itself more and more with unfolding events of national and international politics. This is not an entirely new development, but the extent of this concern and the intensity of the novelist's intellectual and emotional involvement in his subject matter are new. Political novels we have had before, among them the amusing parliamentary tales of Trollope and the florid histories of

Disraeli. But a world lies between these and the fiction of such men as Malraux, Silone, and Koestler.

During the 1930s we were bombarded with what have been called "dramas of Bolshevik piety," and since the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 we have been treated to numerous fictional acts of recantation. These Stalinist and anti-Stalinist novels belong to the general class of timely fiction, and some of them belong to a group within that class—a group which may be defined by an adjective borrowed from another literary province.

We have long been familiar with "occasional" poems, but of late there has been an unprecedented boom in what may be called the occasional novel. This boom has given us novels inspired by Russia's five-year plans, the Chinese revolution, the Moscow trials, the Spanish civil war, the fall of France, the Nazi occupation of Norway, and the American occupation of Italy, to mention only a few "occasions." It will doubtless give us much more fiction of the same kind, for the type has been popular and the material is ready at hand to be seized upon by anyone who cares to do the seizing. Best of all, this material affords the novelist a certain immediate advantage which no shrewd writer could fail to recognize. But it also poses dangers which more than one shrewd novelist has failed to avoid.

The immediate advantage of the occasional novel, from the author's point of view, is that from the very

first paragraph he can count with considerable certainty upon the intellectual and emotional collaboration of his readers. The authors of *Tom Jones*, *Eugénie Grandet*, *Resurrection*, and *The Magic Mountain* — to select four examples from hundreds of candidates — had to win their readers' interest, sometimes gradually, by virtue of literary art; but the man of our time who picks up a novel that is *about* Nazi terrorism in Central Europe, or *about* United States Marines on Guadalcanal, is already interested; more than that, he is probably already a partisan ready and eager to participate imaginatively in the story's action. According to baseball measurements, the author is on first base before he has to start running. So much for the advantage. What of the danger?

The danger is that the novelist may be so pleased by the innate and immediate potency of his raw material that he will overlook the artistic obligation of transmuting it into literature. He is in danger of acting as a mere purveyor rather than as a creator; of being content with a good, or even bad, journalistic job. Whatever popular success he may win, he will fail as a novelist if he fails to subject his material to the discipline of his chosen medium. He will succeed if his material is made to serve, rather than substitute for, a novelist's intention; if it is made to express a novelist's conception or vision.

In *Darkness at Noon*, in my opinion, Arthur Koestler enjoyed the advantage offered by the occasional novel,

and avoided its traps. Taking the subject of the Moscow trials, a subject which fascinated and puzzled the world, he offered, in fictional terms, his explanation of the confessions evoked by those trials. His explanation was a novel — dominated by a fully realized character — which had its own created reality, density, depth and inner harmony. His raw material was completely absorbed by the living tissue of his fiction.

II

Mr. Koestler's new novel, *Thieves in the Night*,¹ presents an interesting contrast. Here there is no absorption. The novelist furnishes the journalist with a collection of serviceable types and tested situations, teaches him a few simple narrative tricks, and then stands aside to let the journalist have his way. It is an effective way. The book that it produces is engrossing and exciting. But not because it is a good novel. History, skillfully manipulated, does the job.

It is as though Mr. Koestler said: "You are interested in 'the Palestine situation'? You are disturbed by it, perhaps puzzled? Very well. I shall tell you a story, a story that will explain to you what it meant to be a Jew in Palestine from 1937 to 1939; a Jew trying to build a home upon land that was his by right of promises and purchase, but that had to be won and held against Arab violence and British betrayal. Listen to this story,

¹ \$2.75. Macmillan.

and you will be able to read your daily paper in the light of it. Listen, and you will be able to understand the 'crimes' of the Jewish underground. You will know what the issues are, and how irremediably the battle has been joined."

Koestler fully keeps the promise that I have put into his mouth. He illumines the situation from every point of view: Jewish, Arab, British, Zionist, anti-Zionist, radical, conservative. He gives us the feel of a people and a land, even if he does not create character; he gives us the illusion of being "there." This is good reporting. He brings home to us the tragedy of Palestine, as Hersey brought home to many readers the tragedy of Hiroshima, by expressing the general in terms of the particular, in terms of a few individuals with individual features and names and biographies. Joseph the English-Jewish protagonist, Dina the victim of Nazi brutality, and all the others who incarnate various factors of the "problem" may be little better than instruments, but they serve the purposes of an author who is not primarily concerned with fiction. Koestler's own point of view is expressed through shifting arguments that may, in part at least, prove offensive to many of his fellow Jews; but, as between conservatives and radicals, he stands firmly with Dr. Herzl who said: "If you are faced with a fence and can't creep through under it, your only choice is to jump. For twenty centuries we have tried to creep through

under the fence. They wouldn't let us. Now we are taking the jump." It should be noted, with respect, that Koestler wrote this novel in English; and it should be remarked, at least in passing, that he seems to have acquired during his English residence an excellent likeness of the native sense of humor.

Another notable example of a novelist's failure or refusal to transmute his material may be found in *The Seventh of October*,² the fourteenth and final volume of the English translation of Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will*, that long and ambitious serial study of French civilization from 1908 to 1933. In this concluding installment of his prodigious fiction, woven upon a sturdy warp of fact, M. Romains suspends his narrative and the actions of his created characters to deliver a lecture in his own auctorial person. Entitled "A Picture of Europe in October 1933," and running to fifty-one solid pages, this lecture is a bold historical outline, intended to explain the state in which Europe found itself when it was called upon to meet Hitler's challenge. Written with hindsight, by an informed and thoughtful man, it is a discourse in the grand manner, well worth reading; but it remains unassimilated by the novel which encompasses it. With no great difficulty it could have been incorporated in a conversation between our old friends Jerphanion and Jallez, with Bartlett and Caulet putting in their bits. M.

Romains, however, chose otherwise.

Now that the longest novel of our day is finally finished, it will be possible to view and judge it as a whole; but this will require careful re-reading. My present impression is that the promise of the early volumes has not been completely fulfilled, that the author's abundant powers have been somewhat dissipated *en route*, that his retrospective view may have colored the thoughts and words of his characters, that the whole has dwindled as it has approached its conclusion. This can all be true, and at the same time *Men of Good Will* can be, compared with its contemporary rivals, a work of power, insight, material richness, and importance. If its final stature is less than it might have been, the catastrophe of the Second World War may well be to blame, for we must remember that when M. Romains began to write his *opus magnum* he still believed that there was a possibility of men of good will banding together to assure an age of peace.

III

Most numerous of recent occasional novels are those which have found their occasion in war. Some of these have proved to be good fiction when judged by high standards, others have been acceptable for the sake of their matter, and many have demonstrated the old truth that great events may inspire trivial writing. One of the best war books I have seen is one of the shortest: *Casualty*,³ by Robert Lowry.

Here the specific occasion is subordinate to the animating theme. The scene is Foggia, Italy. The date is January 1945. The characters are American soldiers: men, noncommissioned officers, and officers of a photo reconnaissance wing. The action is fast, concentrated, quickly over. But the effects of its impact on the reader are not quickly over. Mr. Lowry is another author who gives life to a large and general subject by reducing it to, and expressing it in, comprehensible, particular symbols. Unlike Mr. Koestler, however, he does a novelist's work. Writing of the conflict between man and militarism, between human dignity and a force which acknowledges no such dignity, he writes with a bitterness that is based on the bedrock of truth.

He makes his points with the clarity and irrefutability of a geometer demonstrating a proposition, but he makes them with an emotion that is unknown to the abstract sciences; he makes them by writing a fine story. His is a rapidly developing talent.

John P. Marquand's talent, on the other hand, is a fully developed one which operates smoothly and easily on a pleasant plateau not too high for popular respiration. His latest story, *B. F.'s Daughter*,⁴ is further than Mr. Lowry's from the pure occasional type, but it exploits to the top of its author's bent a state of affairs and a psychology through which we have all just lived.

At his best, Mr. Marquand is a pol-

³ \$2. *New Directions*.

⁴ \$2.75. *Little, Brown*.

ished satirist; and at all times a master of ridicule. In *B. F.'s Daughter*, the story of a poor little new-rich girl who is determined to escape from the domination of her adoring but overwhelming father, he has many targets; in general, the more absurd aspects of the American war effort and war psychology, and, in particular, idealistic do-gooders, desk-fighters, corny war correspondents, military planners, Air Force public relations officers, girls' boarding schools, rich American marriages and divorces, Army and Navy E's for excellence, sentimental big businessmen, and the Washington maelstrom. Some of these targets are easy, some more difficult: on all of them Mr. Marquand scores amusingly. Since he probably harbored no very profound intentions while writing this book, I do not see why we should not sit back and enjoy an expert performance, while agreeing with Sidney Smith's declaration: "My test of a book written to amuse, is amusement." The story of Polly Fulton, who could run away from her father but not from herself, is a new and highly entertaining variation of Mr. Marquand's favorite pattern.

Charles Jackson's *The Fall of Valor*⁵ was, we may be sure, written with great seriousness, but this does not save it from being wholly disappointing. This is no occasional novel, for it might have been set in Victorian London, or in Prince Philippe zu Eulenberg's Berlin, as well as in the New York and Nantucket of the

summer of 1943. Few persons, I imagine, need to be told by now that it is the story of a professor, twenty years married and father of two boys, who discovers in his middle forties that he is a homosexual, a fact that he has never suspected before. In his effort to make his protagonist an innocent victim of fate, the author has gone so far as to make him quite incredible. No more believable is his wife, a peculiarly unpleasant fictive concoction, who "knows all" in a flash when she finds a Marine's cap in her husband's suitcase. (That he might have accepted it from their friend Cliff Hauman, as a souvenir for their children, never occurs to her.) Equally unreal, and equipped with equally questionable percipience, are Mr. and Mrs. Howard.

Mr. Jackson is not happy in his effort to write about supposedly mature people; indeed, it may be remembered that he was not happy when he moved outside the adolescent mind of Don Birnam, in *The Lost Weekend*, while he was impressively successful so long as he stayed inside it. As for style, that which served for the drunkard's progress does not serve here; the writing shows marks of conscious care, but the product is mediocre.

IV

With François Mauriac's *The Woman of the Pharisees*,⁶ we leave even a superficial timeliness behind. This is a pure novel, laid in provincial France during

⁵ \$2.75. Rinehart.

⁶ \$2.50. Holt.

the early years of our century, written in the classical, economical French tradition that is so sharply opposed to the tradition made and followed by such story-tellers as Richardson, Fielding, Dickens and Bennett. Actions, talk and explanations are pared: every sentence counts. With the creation of Brigitte Pian, this distinguished Catholic novelist adds another remarkable portrait to his gallery, which owes its originals to the men and women of Bordeaux and the Landes.

Brigitte is a false saint, whose goodness is deadly to those it touches, whose tragedy is the discovery of herself. One need be neither Catholic nor even Christian to be delighted by M. Mauriac's subtleties, to be moved by his art, an art which surmounts any barriers of belief that may lie between author and reader. It is time that François Mauriac enjoyed in the United States a reputation equal to that enjoyed by a few of his peers and some of his inferiors.

In *The Saint and the Hunchback*,⁷ Donald A. Stauffer travels back to the seventh century to give us a study of a saint in the making, and to give his imagination a happy holiday. Odo, the young monk of Iona, is a complete man who finds the pursuit and practice of holiness a difficult occupation; but the Church has often dealt triumphantly with apparently intractable material, and Odo is at least stubbornly determined to realize his appointed destiny. Holiness apart, he is a very attractive fellow, as is his

beloved princess, not to mention the less obvious charms of little Aelfric. Attractive, too, is Mr. Stauffer's narrative, for in it he has mixed playful and serious ingredients with a nice discretion.

And so at last we come to *Titus Groan*,⁸ by Mervyn Peake, and to a kind of writing that is as distant as possible from the occasional novel with which we began; even more distant than Mr. Stauffer's romantic-philosophical-adventurous brew. The weird and wonderful tale of the realm of Gormenghast, ruled over by the seventy-sixth earl, father of Titus, is described by its publishers as "gothic." It is all that and considerably more, as Beckford and Horace Walpole would be the first to admit.

At first sight one might think that in it imagination had gone mad, but it is nearer the truth to say that Mr. Peake's imagination — the remarkable property of a man who is a portrait painter, poet, illustrator and humorist rolled into one — has been used with cunning and calculation to produce fractional passages of extraordinary vividness, vitality, color, satirical interest, and even beauty, which add up to no understandable whole. In *Titus Groan*, as in Dali's most baffling canvases, the details are models of lucidity. One need go no further than the riotous scene in Swelter's kitchen to know that one is reading a man whose power over words is great, whose technique is brilliant, particularly in the projection

⁷ \$2.75. Simon & Schuster.

⁸ \$3. Reynal & Hitchcock.

of visual images. But what of the whole? Its meaning? My own conclusion is that we were never meant to ask.

Our cross section is complete. Limited though it is to a few books of a brief period, it still shows the novel

serving many masters, not always well, but with a vitality and a range of possibility that assure the continuing importance of the form. It is a great house, of many mansions, that can give living-room to a Koestler, a Mauriac, a Lowry, and a Peake.

OLD WIFE

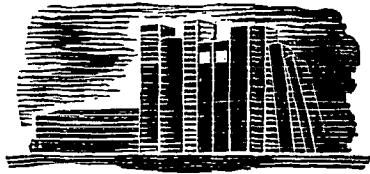
BY ETHEL BARNETT DEVITO

She had not had the usual kind
Of troubles folks were sure would find
One foolish enough to have her head
And take a younger man to wed,
But something they had failed to mark
Loomed up before her, vast and dark —

Days, with the mounting chores to heap
And lay between them acres-deep
She'd weigh it short or cast it by,
Engulfed by their oneness and the tie
Of somehow best in time and weather,
Of working singly and yet together.

But nights with him by her side so close
That she might touch him if she chose,
She'd listen, plagued, as the hours crept,
To words he mumbled as he slept;
And she would wonder painfully
Whom he might see, where he might be,
What worlds between them must be spanned
To reach him, though she held his hand —
You could fight a trouble felt or seen
But how could you fight against a dream?
And she would think, as darkness pressed,
How soft and easy she might rest
If all the troubles life supplied
Were of the kind folks prophesied. . . .

THE CHECK LIST



THE ARTS

SHINING TRUMPETS, by Rudi Blesh. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This is a history of jazz written by an avowed enthusiast. It is a fairly comprehensive survey and well documented. But in his ardor Mr. Blesh claims too much for his subject. He says that jazz "can and should be . . . an important factor in alleviating the racial tensions between Negro and white in America. . . . It is beautifully functional and functionally beautiful rather than pretentiously inutile, gravely pompous," like classical music, presumably. Finally, "Jazz has helped restore the open mind to culture." All of which, of course, is sheer blah. There are several valuable appendices.

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR, 1945-1946, *A Record and an Interpretation*, by George Jean Nathan. \$3.50. *Knopf*. This is the fourth in Mr. Nathan's annual series of appraisals of the American theatre, and like its predecessors it is a valuable volume, both for its encyclopedic information and its shrewd, witty and profound comment. The precise period covered is from May 21, 1945 (*Blue Holiday*) to April 30, 1946 (*This, Too, Shall Pass*). There is the usual honor list of the "bests" plus a list of "especially interesting performances." In his foreword Mr. Nathan makes an eloquent plea for "the institution of a repertory theatre for the revival, in addition to the classics, of failures of the past which did not deserve failure and which frequently and still remain superior to the plays that achieved success."

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE PLOTTERS, by John Roy Carlson. \$3.50. *Dutton*. Like Mr. Carlson's *Under Cover*, this

book is "a personal adventure report . . . based almost exclusively on undercover activity." It "strikes deep into the rash of poisonous political and social growths blossoming from our native soil" since the end of World War II. As usual Mr. Carlson names names and gives facts and documents — some of the latter truly startling. The chief theme of his book is that now, with the war over, the old "nationalist" and racist hate-mongers are pretty much back at the old stands. He is not the easiest writer to read, but the mass of his evidence is overwhelming and is well worth most serious consideration by all public-spirited men and women.

THERE WILL BE NO TIME, *The Revolution in Strategy*, by William Liscum Borden. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. This is a sort of layman's guide to the military implications of the atomic bomb. Mr. Borden writes easily and, for the most part, sensibly, though his thesis is not exactly startling. Along with virtually everyone else who has considered the subject in print, the author believes that geopolitical concepts have become old-fashioned, that the battleship no longer has a relevant function, that military intelligence is becoming increasingly important and that the strategic advantages of totalitarianism have become alarmingly magnified. He advocates a world government.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

EAST OF THE IRON CURTAIN, by William Van Narvig. \$3.00. *Ziff-Davis*. Considering the dimensions of his task and the length of his book, Mr. Van Narvig has performed a creditable job of interpretation of Soviet policy. In 361 pages he has set out to explore the entire field of

post-1917 Russian history, with a special emphasis on current foreign relations. There is however, the undeniable fact that this field has already been picked bare by the popularizers, and on this level, as his book amply demonstrates, there is not much left to be said. For those who have somehow managed to avoid learning the facts of Soviet life thus far, *East of the Iron Curtain* could be a valuable introduction.

KAPUTT, by Curzio Malaparte. \$3.75. *Dutton*. The author of this absorbing book is a sort of intellectual adventurer who was once the darling of the Italian diplomatic corps and subsequently seems to have become "bored" (for lack of a better word) with fascism. As a wartime correspondent on the Eastern front he was in a position to observe at close quarters the moral débâcle of fascism's last years. Malaparte's narrative may finally prove to have been sheer invention, but the author's vast erudition and literary skill make it possible to accept *Kaputt* as a work of pure art, the greatest, possibly, that has yet come out of the Second World War.

FICTION

THE IDOLS OF THE CAVE, by Frederic Prokosch. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. There was a time when Prokosch was one of the more promising young writers, and his early books achieved a high degree of poetic drive and literary integrity. Of late, however, his writing has grown more and more facile, his "message" less and less meaningful. *The Idols of the Cave* represents a long step down. It is labeled a Manhattan love story, but there is little love in it. The characters vary from sexually energetic and perverted ballet dancers, to the bored, unimaginative, dying Four Hundred, to one or two bedraggled members of the current lost generation. The last have as their function the pointing up of the other characters' falseness, futility and rottenness. However, the book loses its significance altogether as it becomes increasingly apparent that there are no real people in it at all—no yardstick, no way of judging the false fronts that walk and talk through the pages.

THE FAIR FIELD, by John Moore. \$2.75. *Simon and Schuster*. This book is an achievement,

easily justifying the praise bestowed on it in Irwin Edman's introduction: "a minor classic." In 240 pages of easy, unpretentious prose (half fiction, half autobiography), it recreates English small-town and village life of this century. That way of life, which may now be ended, had much to do with the formation of the English character. Its essence was continuity—"the continuity of English life and English talk and English men"—so that one sometimes got the impression that only last week in a country pub he had heard Sir John Falstaff and Justice Shallow lament their growing old.

POETRY

A LITTLE TREASURY OF MODERN POETRY, edited by Oscar Williams. \$2.75. *Scribner's*. The period covered by this anthology is roughly that between 1896, the year of the publication of Housman's *Shropshire Lad*, and 1946. Only English and American poets are represented. Altogether there are more than four hundred poems. Of course, there are many excellent poems included—by Emily Dickinson, Housman, T. S. Eliot and others of the same stature—but there are also many unworthy poems by such immature or brittle poets as Delmore Schwartz, John Berryman, Alfred Hayes, Jean Garrigue and Mark Van Doren. Worse, there doesn't seem to be any criterion of selection, save, perhaps, Mr. Williams' own taste, which apparently is a shaky thing. He has so high an opinion of his own work that he selects the same number of his own poems as by Housman, and two more than by Emily Dickinson. Altogether, an indifferent volume.

THE QUIET CENTER, by Edith Henrich. \$2.50. *William Sloane*. This is an astonishingly good first book of poetry. Mrs. Henrich knows her craft, but what is more important, she has something to say—intense, mature and magical. Some of her verses are, to be sure, inclined to be more girlish than charming; some, especially such long ones as "Uranium 235" and "The Inmost Reason," are built on too elaborate a scale for her present emotional resources. But there are enough others of a high quality that definitely mark Mrs. Henrich as a poet at least as good as several Pulitzer prize winners still living. "Waking" and

"Epic Animal" are excellent examples of her compact and moving art.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE PORTABLE D. H. LAWRENCE, edited, with an introduction, by Diana Trilling. \$2.00. *Viking*. Perhaps no other Viking Portable needed doing as much as this one. Lawrence has been sneered at by the Philistines, praised for the wrong reasons by many of his male and female worshippers, ignored generally by the academic critics, and unread by the general public. He was, in reality, one of the few truly great short story writers and novelists of our time — and, at times, a poet of considerable warmth, originality, and power. In addition, he was a critic of truly stupendous stature, as the tragically neglected *Studies in Classic American Literature* amply proves. Mrs. Trilling has done a superb job of selecting for this Portable, and her general introduction is an excellent critical estimate. She is especially to be commended for pointing out the high and enduring quality of Lawrence's poetry and criticism.

A TREASURY OF LAUGHTER, selected and edited, with an introduction by Louis Untermeyer. \$3.95. *Simon and Schuster*. Most of the selections here are in prose, and all are by English and American authors. "Dialect is here, but kept at a minimum." Most of the authors represented are far from unknown; F.P.A., George Ade, Ludwig Bemelmans, Josh Billings, Lewis Carroll, Bill Nye, Dorothy Parker, Damon Runyan, Finley Peter Dunne, Ring Lardner, and Ogden Nash, to mention only a few. As expected, some of the selections, to at least one reader, seem dull, but on the whole the volume is rich in laughter for all readers. Mr. Untermeyer's brief editorial notes throughout are good. Lucille Corcross' illustrations add nothing to the value of the book.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE NEW WORLD, *The First Pictures of America*, edited and annotated by Stefan Lorant. \$20.00. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. The subtitle of

this book describes it thus: "Made by John White and Jacques Le Moyne and engraved by Theodore De Bry, with Contemporary Narratives of the Huguenot Settlement in Florida 1562-1565 and the Virginia Colony 1585-1590." John White was one of Raleigh's governors of Virginia and during his stay in the colony he made many watercolors of the life, fauna and flora of the country. In all likelihood they are the first true pictures of aboriginal life on this continent, and they are here reproduced for the first time in their entirety and original colors. Le Moyne performed a similar service in Florida, which the French held for a while. He also wrote about the life of the colony, as did Le Challeux, and both their narratives were illustrated by engravings made by Theodore De Bry from Le Moyne's paintings. The engravings plus the narratives are reproduced in this volume, along with the Virginia reports by Captain Arthur Barlowe, Ralph Lane, Richard Grenville and Thomas Hariot. A bibliography and a good index round out the book, which is easily a milestone in American historiography. The printing, engraving and binding are all of the highest order. One's only regret is that the editor "modernized" the language of the narratives. The English of the time, while somewhat different from our own, was quite intelligible and often far more picturesque than ours.

EAMON DE VALERA, by M. J. Mac Manus. \$3.00. *Ziff-Davis*. Inasmuch as Mr. Mac Manus has been literary editor of Eamon de Valera's *Irish Press* for a dozen years, it might have been too much to expect an entirely dispassionate approach to his subject. However, the author has apparently felt called upon to suspend every vestige of critical judgment in writing his hero's biography — and in the case of such a controversial figure this must be taken as an eminently disqualifying fault. It is an especially great pity in this case, because Mr. Mac Manus is a journalist of unusual literary skill, and is apparently in a position to present material that might reveal de Valera as something more plausible than an idealized combination of Abraham Lincoln and St. Patrick.



THE OPEN FORUM



VETERANS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

SIR: Miss Roher was just a bit too eager to make her case against veterans' preference ["Veterans and the Civil Service," *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, December 1946]. . . . How else would she have had the good General Bradley "admitting" (like a defendant on trial) that VA strongly favors veterans? Or have implied that a desire to be free of veterans' preference motivated VA's insistence that its antiquated Medical Service be freed from Civil Service Commission control? These and other overtones of Miss Roher's article are either very naive or badly misinformed.

Her alarms and excursions against veterans' preference are, to say the least, quite premature. Only an ungenerous person would fail to concede that a large proportion of our latest 15,000,000 crop of veterans are of top-flight calibre for civil service jobs. The Army did not open its arms to imbeciles, neurotics, crooks and the incapacitated. Millions of the Army's alumni are now further improving their demonstrated capacities in the universities of the country. Veterans now, moreover, are typically young; 18- and 19-year-olds are still in uniform, with perhaps more to come. Not for fifteen or twenty years will they begin to suffer the deadweight of middle age, which Miss Roher rightfully dreads. Finally, it would relieve Miss Roher to know that veterans this time are strictly civilian in their attitudes, so that she need not fear their carrying with them into the bureaucracy any trace of military stultifications.

I would say with equanimity that the government could quite safely impose an absolute embargo for the next decade on the entry of any except veterans into the civil service (for all except stenographic jobs and the like). By the time the current whittling down of the bureaucracy's size is completed, there will be a big surplus of first-class veteran candidates for every new opening in the public service. Such an absolute

veterans' preference would be tough on the female contingent, one must admit. But if this is Miss Roher's real worry, she ought to come out and say so, instead of belaboring unreal issues.

The big problem immediately facing us is not even hinted at by Miss Roher: namely, how to give veterans a decent break into the solid phalanx of 4-Fs, "essential employees" and other assorted characters presently established at the public trough. While the "nation's finest" were off to the wars, the government service filled up with all sorts of people who otherwise would never have had a chance at the public emoluments they now enjoy; and they have no more enthusiasm than any vested interest in moving over. The latest release of statistics showed that only 38 per cent of Federal employees yet are veterans; and that is far from enough.

H. J. WALKER

Takoma Park, Md.

AN OPTOMETRIST REPLIES

SIR: In "What Doctors Know About Glaucoma" by Louise Cross [*AMERICAN MERCURY*, November 1946] the author has unfortunately cast suspicion on the accuracy of the rest of her article, on a most important subject, by making erroneous statements and implications in certain parts of it. . . .

The questionable part of the article is the statement that there is good reason for insisting that eye examinations be made by an ophthalmologist and the "proof" therefor. The ophthalmologist is specially trained to treat eye diseases but he is far from being the only one trained to recognize glaucoma or to suspect its existence. No ethical optometrist will attempt to treat a case involving an actively diseased eye, and it is again time to further dissolution of the illusion

that because an ophthalmologist can and should treat disease of the eye, he is thereby the very best doctor for *any* kind of eye examination, and that he is the examiner of preference whenever a patient wants someone to look at his eyes.

Other professional men trained to recognize eye disease, such as the optometrist, oculist and the general medical practitioner will, in any definite or doubtful case, refer the patient to a reliable specialist in the field of eye disease. Optometrists, too, have in their offices instruments designed to test the field of vision and they are often used by them as a routine part of the examination, not only when malfunction or disease is suspected, as is the accepted procedure. . . .

The author also seems to be unaware that among the prerequisites for admission to take the state board examinations to qualify for permission to practice in most states, are four years of training in the specialty and the *doctorate degree* in the specialty. It seems then that the appellation of "eye doctor" for an optometrist is not the heinous chicanery that the author would have us believe. . . .

ELLIS L. RABBen, O.D.

Arlington, Va.

THE IRISH IN THE U. S.

SIR: Lately I read an article called "For an English-Speaking Union" [by St. John Ervine] in your magazine [August 1946]. If certain Irish Catholics have not misled us, there are some inaccuracies in this article.

Michael J. O'Brien, in his book, *Pioneer Irish in New England*, purports to prove that great numbers of Irish Catholics were kidnapped and sold into bondage into New England after Cromwell's victories in Ireland in the seventeenth century. The Jesuit Williams . . . in his book on the "Black Irish of Jamaica" shows that vast numbers of Irish Catholics were sold into slavery, as a sort of vengeance against the Irish massacres of English Protestants in Ireland in the 1640s. (Irish were kidnapped and sold into service into South Africa even after the abolition of the slave-trade, claims Williams.). . .

The Ulster Protestants maintain their predominance in northeastern Ireland by means of a secret society like our Ku Klux Klan. As late as 1935, there were acts of terrorism and wanton murder against the Catholics of Belfast. There are many Catholics in the northeast, especially in Derry.

The original settlement of alien Protestants in

northeastern Ireland was accomplished by the expulsion, murder, or reduction to serfdom of the native Irish. These acts were morally just as wrong as the Germans' outrages in Poland in our days.

I would not send a single American boy to die in Ireland to hold the Orangemen under; but I wouldn't send him there to die for Orange supremacy either.

It is sometimes unfairly said that the Irish introduced political corruption into such U. S. cities as New York. In my weak opinion, the Irish Catholics merely inherited the corruption of such native Protestants as Tweed. Seabury fairly avers as much.

Though there are some Irish Catholic horrors, such as Coughlin . . . and . . . Curley (whom even the late Cardinal O'Connell would hardly speak to, by the way); still, there are some Ulster Protestant descendants who have been pretty sour politicians too.

I guess I have let my mick temper carry me away; both my wife and I are partly of Irish Catholic descent, and are practicing members of the Roman Catholic communion, and rather Jacobite in historical sympathies, too. Still, I think I am just as good a U. S. citizen as any Ulsterman who isn't a citizen, if I may say so.

ANTHONY CURTISS

Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

WHIPPOORWILLS IN INDO-CHINA

SIR: Being a constant reader of Alan Devoe's nature stories, I was interested in his tale of the whippoorwill in the August number. It recalled to mind a trip I made a few years ago in Indo-China from Angkor temples to Saigon by auto at night to avoid the heat. There is a common bird in that country belonging to the tribe of the whippoorwill. I have forgotten its name. During the trip we came upon a score or more of them taking dust baths in the road. As they faced the auto headlights, their eyes seemed large, as if of some animal of greater size, and were particularly noticeable because they reflected a red color.

But as they flew away they were scarcely distinguishable from our whippoorwills in appearance and manner of flight. It occurred to me that Mr. Devoe might like to know that this far-away relation of the whippoorwill has the same habit of taking dust baths.

E. V. WILCOX

Washington, D. C.

UNIONS AND MANAGEMENT

SIR: Mr. Donald B. Robinson's article on "The Extraordinary Hatters Union" [AMERICAN MERCURY, September 1946] offers living proof that union and management can cooperate, for the betterment of both, if they wish to do so. The peaceful relationship between the United Hatters Union and the hat and cap industry provides an example to be followed in other industries. If business would stop trying to destroy unions, but instead would bargain fairly, much of our industrial strife would vanish. . . .

The welfare of the workers has undisputedly been improved, as is the case in most unionized industry. Social and working conditions have been raised immensely from an often deplorable and unhealthy state by their progressive fight. Industry's mouthpiece (the press) has constantly incited antagonism and opposition to the growth of unions. Often the enemies of unions forget that they represent labor, a majority of the American people. They forget that unions have done more toward social reform, racial tolerance, and health improvement than business has in general. Healthy working conditions were accomplished over the vigorous protest of business. . . .

More articles that reveal the good side of union and management relationship should be printed. Americans should know from the press, not just labor union publications, what accomplishments unions have done. Future prosperity depends entirely upon real cooperation between unions and an open-minded industry.

E. T. SCHAPSMIERER

Council Bluffs, Ia.

TREATMENT OF STUTTERING

SIR: Referring to the very interesting article on "What Is Known about Stuttering" in your September issue, I am quite certain that a man as prominent and responsible as Mr. Jack Schuyler will be greatly interested in additional data to his survey on stuttering.

There have been always different medical "schools," and this applies especially to the treatment of stuttering. The "school" mentioned in Mr. Schuyler's article emphasizes group therapy, in direct contradiction to the "school" of Dr. Emil Froeschels, one of the world's outstanding authorities on stuttering. He believes in individual treatment. Although some well-known older methods are used occasionally, especially with very small children, Dr. Froeschels' method for

stuttering is the so-called "Chewing Method," originated by Dr. Froeschels himself.

Quoting Mr. Schuyler: "The primary functions of those organs which produce speech are chewing. . . ." Dr. Froeschels has based his method on this obvious fact. Moreover, as there is only one set of muscles for both seemingly different functions, speaking and chewing, they must be identical, for chewing and speaking can be performed at the same time (one can eat or chew gum without interrupting speech).

Dr. Froeschels believes that stuttering is a neurosis, not only in adults as assumed by Mr. Schuyler, but also in children. Nevertheless he agrees entirely with Dr. Dorothy Davis on her finding that the majority of children go through the state of syllable repetitions. It is then when their desire to speak is incongruous with their word-finding capacity. With enlarged vocabulary and grammatical-syntactical skill, this incongruity disappears and so do the repetitions of sounds, syllables or words. In fact, Dr. Froeschels has found that 98 per cent of the children "out-grow" the repetitions, while 2 per cent fix the neurosis of stuttering on this symptom (in the United States and Europe alike).

The neurosis of stuttering is based on the belief and fear of imaginary difficulties in speech. Therefore, as chewing is the identical function of speaking and there are never difficulties for anyone involved in chewing (except on the basis of a physical injury), there is no connection with difficulties or fear in the mind with the idea of chewing. This simple fact is made use of.

One has only to convince the patient of the ease of speech by proving to him that he can chew perfectly and therefore, as both functions are the same, he can speak perfectly when he "chews" his words. In fact, this method . . . makes stuttering impossible. In the course of the treatment the actual chewing is later replaced with the idea of chewing, for the chewing method is a brain method.

Though sometimes in adults a psychoanalytic treatment has to be combined with the chewing method, psychoanalysis alone cannot cure stuttering, as stated personally by Sigmund Freud and his daughter Anna to Dr. Froeschels, while 85 per cent of stutterers can be cured with the "surface method" of chewing. . . .

Mr. Schuyler states: "But all current theories seem incomplete." Apparently he is not acquainted with Dr. Froeschels' finding that there is an inner logic in the onset and development of the symptoms of stuttering. That stuttering is

(Continued on page 255)



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(Continued from page 253)

not inherited seems obvious when accepted as a neurosis, but Dr. Greene's assumption of a predisposition to stuttering in families with stutterers is a basic misunderstanding of the underlying reasons. He will be right in his discovery that: "85 per cent of his stuttering patients came from families in which a parent or some other relative had the same disorder." He is wrong when believing in a "predisposition" in these cases which would be hereditary. Unless this predisposition is meant as an incongruity between the desire and consequently the speed of speech on the one hand and the word-finding capacity, etc., on the other. The vast majority of these 65 per cent acquired stuttering by imitation. Therefore, his observation that "there are certain characteristics common to the group" is evident, for these stutterers imitated the stuttering members of their family and their respective symptoms and fixed the neurosis of stuttering on these symptoms. In diagnosing the symptoms, a break in their inner logic will be found, characteristic only for and labeling these stutterers as "imitation stutterers."

Finally, one single finding should be stressed here, namely, that stuttering never starts at the time when the infant makes first attempts at talking. If there were any anatomic or inherited basis for stuttering the trouble evidently would show exactly at this period, because at that period there exist real difficulties for every infant. Consequently any kind of inherited defect in the nervous system or the speech muscles would result in stuttering at that very early stage of speech development.

ELLY SITTING

New York City.

SIR: Miss Sittig's letter demonstrates once more the extent of the disagreement among the experts. I suspect no two speech correctionists ever meet without arguing spiritedly as to the exact causes and treatment of stuttering. What I tried to do in my article was to discover the common ground among most therapists in the field.

Dr. Emil Froeschels is not too well known in the United States nor has his treatment technique been widely recognized in this country. When Miss Sittig disputes Dr. Greene's findings on the inheritance of a predisposition to stuttering, there is nothing I can say but that this is a matter for the experts to argue. I might add, however, that Dr. Greene has been generally accepted by the medical profession as the outstanding stuttering therapist today. . . .

JACK SCHUYLER

New York City.



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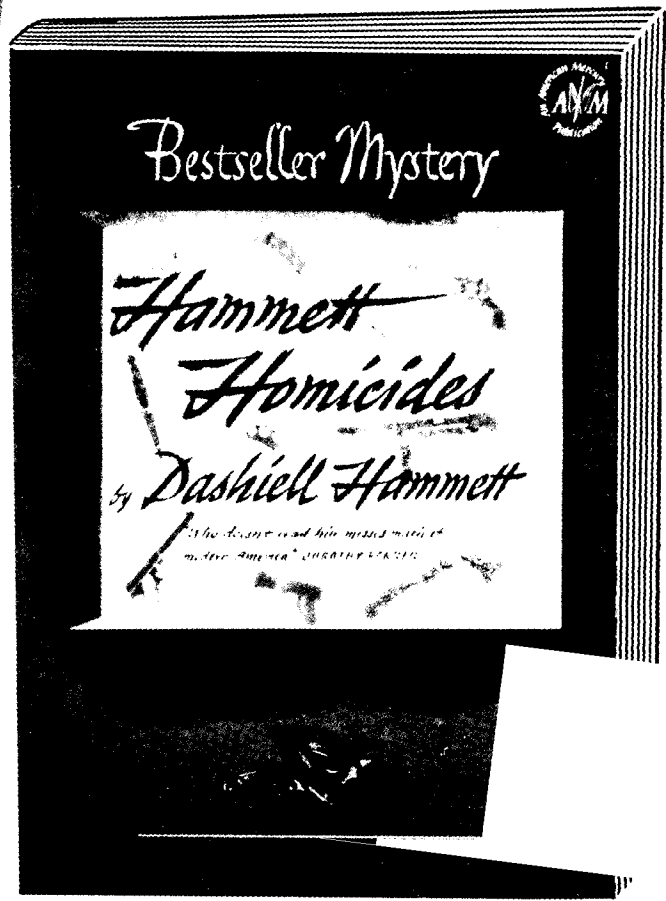
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